

The Greatest Name in Comics

DAREDEVIL COMICS



AT
LAST
THE COMIC
MAGAZINE
THAT
DARED
TO DO
IT

WILL DAREDEVIL'S
BOOMERANG
FOIL THE KISS OF
DEATH?
... See Page 11.

AUG.
NO. 21
10¢



A
BRAND
NEW
COMIC BOOK

12 SMASH FEATURES

INCLUDING: LONDON . . . THE WHIRLWIND
NITRO . . . PAT PATRIOT . . . AND OTHERS

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





DAREDEVIL

"The Greatest Name in Comics"

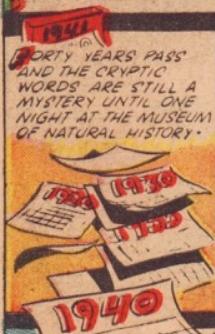
BY —
BIRO



PRESENTING

DAREDEVIL — WORLD'S MOST DARING MAN OF ACTION IN THE MOST ASTOUNDING STORY EVER RECORDED IN A COMIC BOOK... DAREDEVIL HATES CRIME AND EVIL AS PASSIONATELY AS THE UNDER-WORLD LOVES IT...— EVERY PAGE A POWDER-KEG OF FURIOUS EXCITEMENT— SO HOLD TIGHT AS THIS BOMB-SHELL BLASTS INTO ACTION!!

IT HAPPENED IN ARABIA AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, APRIL 10TH 1900 TO BE EXACT. IT WAS THEN WHEN A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS FROM THE AMERICAN RESEARCH SOCIETY FOUND DEFINITE PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF PRINCESS SHEBA'S BURIAL TOMB! DEAD 3000 YEARS, OUR STORY BEGINS WHEN PROFESSOR PIERCE, WORLD FAMED ARCHEOLOGIST SPEAKS -



I WILL DO IT. IF I FAIL, I'LL BE DISGRACED, PROBABLY BECOME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SOCIETY, TO BELIEVE SUCH ROT!



THE BODY IS IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION. IT SAID NOT TO EXPOSE IT TOO LONG BEFORE GIVING THE SERUM - I MUST HURRY!



TEN DROPS. ONE DROP TO THE COUNT, THAT MEANS SECOND!

SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN!



SAINTS OF HEAVEN! IT'S SKIN TIGHTENS - THE EYELIDS FLICK - IT MOVES! SHE'S ALIVE!



I'VE PINCHED MYSELF AND STILL I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN!



THE PRINCESS SHEBA IS SECRETLY BROUGHT TO PIERCE'S HOME. DURING THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, PROFESSOR PIERCE TAKES THE ROLE OF FATHER, MOTHER, AND TEACHER. THE GIRL IS UNQUENCHABLE. HER ABILITY TO LEARN AND ABSORB IS ASTOUNDING.



SPELL OFFICE.

OFFICE O-F-F-I-C-E

NAMES THESE?

BOAT AIRPLANE HOUSE!

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCES TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES - GOT THAT?

YES. CONTINUE

ON THE MEANTIME, A GROUP OF VISITING ARCHEOLOGISTS CALL AT THE MUSEUM...

AND HERE IS OUR MOST TREASURED POSSESSION. THE MUMMY OF PRINCESS SHEBA!

HER HEAD'S AN ODD SHAPE! SEEMS TO DEFY ANATOMY MAY I EXAMINE IT?

SURELY, HELP YOURSELF!

BY GEORGE! I WAS RIGHT! THIS MUMMY IS STUFFED WITH NEWS PAPERS! CALL DR. PIERCE!

THE LATE EDITIONS SHRIEK!

MAIN SECTION ★ THE AMERICAN ★ LATEST

PRINCESS SHEBA STOLEN.

THE PRICELESS SHEBA MUMMY WAS REMOVED! NEWSPAPERS WERE STUFFED IN THE BANDAGES!

BART HILL, ALIAS THE DAREDEVIL, IS VISITING HIS GIRL FRIEND TONIA SAUNDERS.

WELL, MR. DAREDEVIL? WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, GAG? IMAGINE ANYONE STEALING A MUMMY!

MAYBE IT WAS A SCAVENGER HUNT ITEM... OR SOME COLLEGE BOYS ARE HAVING FUN -

I SEE! UNLESS IT'S AT LEAST A DOZEN MURDERS YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED SINCE YOU MUST BE A ONE-MAN F.B.I. - WHY DON'T YOU SOLVE SOMETHING LESS DANGEROUS FOR A CHANGE?

MAYBE I HAVE BEEN TAKING TOO MANY CHANCES - A SIMPLE CASE LIKE THAT WOULD BE A VACATION FOR ME!

SAY! HAD I KNOWN YOU'D REACT THIS WAY, I WOULD HAVE SUGGESTED IT SOONER! HEY - WAIT A MINUTE!

OH BART - YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I WORRY ABOUT YOU SOMETIMES!

MUMMIES DON'T JUST GET UP AND WALK, BUT WHO COULD HAVE USE FOR IT? THE FOREIGN MARKET IS OUT THESE DAYS, BUT DEFINITELY! I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT THE DATE OF THE THEFT!

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



I HAD HOPED THEY
WOULDN'T DISCOVER
ME UNTIL I HAD SOLVED
THE SECRET OF HER
REVIVAL! SHE DOESN'T
KNOW WHO SHE IS
HERSelf - OR HOW
SHE CAME TO BE!

HURRY,
RVING!

AT HIS HOME DOCTOR
PIERCE BEGINS HIS FAN-
TASTIC BUT TRUE STORY.

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?
COME INTO MY
LABORATORY -
I'D LIKE A
WORD WITH
YOU!

I AM VERY
LONESOME -
ALWAYS LONESOME!

THROUGH THE WINDOWS I SEE
MANY PEOPLE, BUT I CANNOT
SPEAK WITH THEM; WHEN THEY
COME HERE YOU LOOK ME
UP IN MY ROOM! WHY?
WHY!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY! YOU
ARE NOT AN ORDINARY GIRL!
YOU WERE ONCE A PRINCESS,
DESTINED TO RULE THE
WORLD! THAT WAS 3000
YEARS AGO! THE RECORDS
SHOW THAT YOU -

WERE BURIED
ALIVE! BECAUSE
YOUR BEWITCHING
KISSES MADE MEN
SLAVES TO YOUR
WILL. BECAUSE
YOU DECEIVED ALL
WHO TRUSTED
YOU -

BUT I THINK NOW
YOU ARE CIVILIZED
AND CAN BE TRUSTED!
THIS GOLD
COBRA CONTAINS
A SERUM - A DROP
OF WHICH A DAY
IS KEEPING YOU
ALIVE!

WHY HAVE
YOU NOT
TOLD ME OF
THIS BEFORE?
THAT SERUM
SHOULD BE
IN MY
POSSESSION!



HELLO! WHAT'S THIS? DOCTOR PIERCE'S FINGER-PRINTS MATCH THE ONE'S ON THE CASKET!

THE DOG IS GOING TO HAVE A CALLER TONIGHT!

A SLEEK PANTHER-LIKE FIGURE STEPS INTO THE DARKNESS!

LIKE A ZEPHYR, THE SHEAN OF HIS PERFECT BODY STEALS THROUGH THE NIGHT.

BART HILL DISCOVERS AN AMAZING FACT!

ARRIVING AT PROFESSOR PIERCE'S HOME-

DAREDEVIL

DOCTOR PIERCE DID HAVE A CALLER - HIS NAME WAS DEATH!

In RAPID SUCCESSION MEN FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE FALL VICTIMS TO THE KISS OF DEATH! THEY CANNOT RESIST THE DEVASTATING CHARM OF THIS UNBELIEVABLE BEAUTY!

I WILL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU'RE MINE FOR EVER!!!

YOU MUST NOT LEAVE ME! DON'T EVER LEAVE ME!

DETECTIVES

WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER, WE WILL NEVER PART!

ARMY OFFICERS

PRIZE FIGHTERS

DOCTORS

OUR HEARTS BEAT AS ONE!

THESE MEN ARE DOOMED TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH - ETERNAL SLAVERY! WHAT A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR A KISS -

THEN-LIKE A CLOUD OF DOOM IT DESCENDS UPON THE RICHEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD! A BRAZEN, IRRESISTABLE SERIES OF THEFTS, ROBBERIES, KIDNAPPINGS, MURDERS AND ARSON! GROWING IN INTENSITY AND MORE CUNNING WITH EACH! - THE POLICE ARRIVE EITHER TOO LATE OR ARE COMPLETELY OUTWITTED..... UNTIL...!



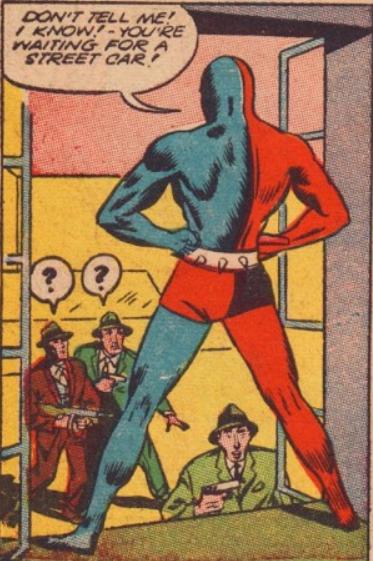
ONE MORNING AT TWO, THE PIFFANY COMPANY, IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS AND RARE GEMS, SOUND THEIR BURGLAR ALARM THAT IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



LIKE A SILVER BULLET STREAKING TO ITS MARK, DAREDEVIL RACES THE POLICE.



DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW! - YOU'RE WAITING FOR A STREET CAR!



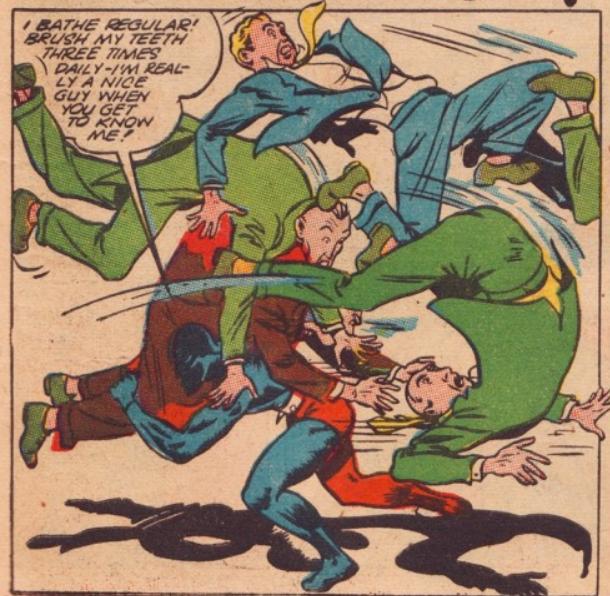
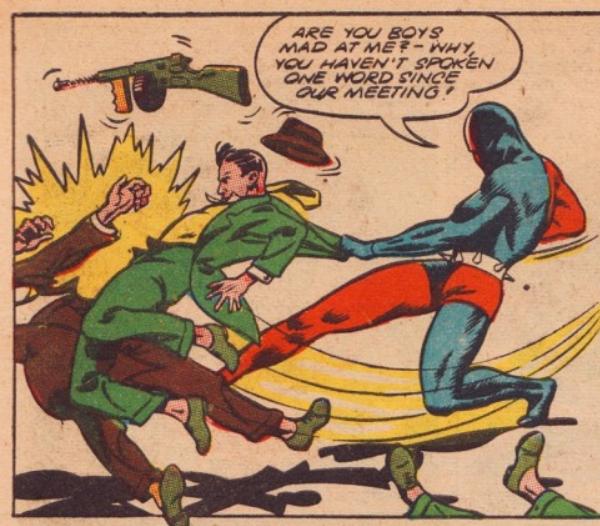
DROP THAT WATER PISTOL SONNY! YOU'RE ALL WET!



MY OWN
INVENTION!
-PAINLESS
DENTISTRY!!
LIKE IT?

COME BACK!
DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED-IT
WILL BE
OVER IN A
SECOND!





THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS! HOW ABOUT CALLING TIME OUT?

THREE FLICKS OF A SEARCH-LIGHT SIGNALS THE ARRIVAL OF THE COPS.



THE POLICE CLOSE IN CAUTIOUSLY! GUNS TRAINED ON THE DOORS. THEY KNOW THAT THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE BRAZEN ROBBERIES, AND DEATH LURKS AT EVERY TURN!



A TREACHEROUS BLOW ON THE HEAD SENDS THE DARE-DEVIL DOWN FOR THE COUNT!



SEE THIS FETE? WELL -
YOU WON'T BE ABLE
TO, IF YOU DON'T
TELL US WHO
YOU'RE WORK-
ING WITH!

LET ME AT HIM,
CAP. SOMETHING
TELLS ME WE'RE
WASTING OUR
TIME!

COME ON!
OPEN IT?
WELL, I'LL
BE....

THIS MAN WON'T TALK
BECAUSE HE CAN'T -
HIS TONGUE HAS BEEN
CUT OUT! --- NOW I
THINK I SEE THE
CONNECTION!

THE ESCAPED BURG-
LARS RETURN TO
THEIR NEST - AN OLD
ESTATE ON A HUDSON
RIVER CLIFF!

THE FORMER PRINCESS, NOW THE
SELF APPOINTED QUEEN OF THE
UNITED STATES GIVES AUDIENCE TO
HER WARRIORS OF CRIME!



UNABLE TO EXPLAIN IN SPEECH,
A WARRIOR STEPS TO A BLACK
BOARD -

YOU HELPLESS SWINE!
LETTING ONE MAN OUT
- FIGHT FIVE OF YOU!
DAREDEVIL - I MUST
MEET THIS DARE-
DEVIL!



THE DAREDEVIL
ATTACKED US







THE KISS GIRL IN PANIC CLEES THRU A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL - BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN FOLLOW, THE PANEL BANDS SHUT!

WAIT UP BABE! THE LAST ONE AND I JUST WHAT I NEED!



UNTHINKING, THE LIVING MUMMY PREVIOUSLY HELD THE GOLD COBRA AT DAREDEVIL - HE DUCKS AS IT SMASHES AGAINST THE WALL, SPILLING HER PRECIOUS LIFE-GIVING SERUM!



SHE'S PAID THE PIPER, ALIVE IN BODY - DEAD IN SOUL! HERE LIES THE CORPSE OF THE KISSING DAME

A FACE OF BEAUTY ON A MUMMY'S FRAME... I HAVE ONLY PITY FOR HER!

SOMETIMES LATER, TONIA AND BART, ALIAS DAREDEVIL, VISIT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BART - HAD I KNOWN WHAT A BEAUTY SHE WAS - I WOULD HAVE BEEN JEALOUS!

- AND THEN SHE TURNED BACK TO A MUMMY AGAIN? YES SIR! IT WAS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!



BUT IF YOU WANT MY HONEST OPINION - IT WAS JUST A GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT; IT NEVER COULD'A HAPPENED!

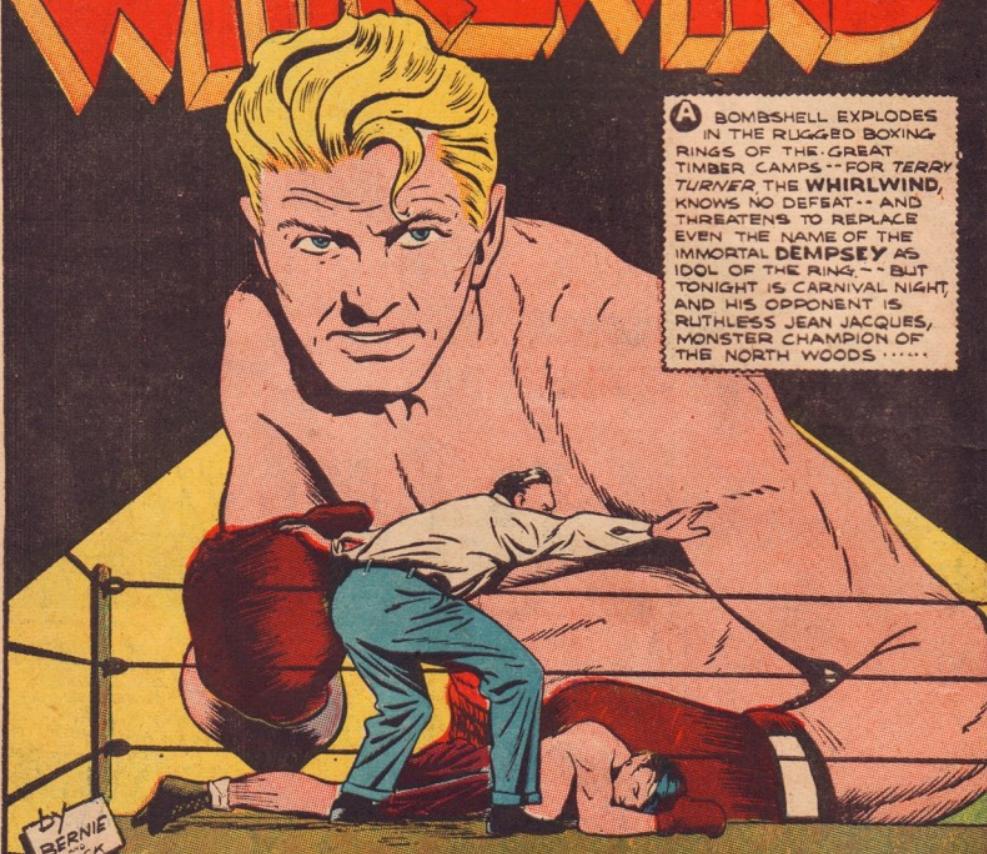


WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?



THE END

THE WHIRLWIND

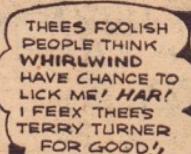


A BOMBSHELL EXPLODES IN THE RUGGED BOXING RINGS OF THE GREAT TIMBER CAMPS -- FOR TERRY TURNER, THE WHIRLWIND, KNOWS NO DEFEAT -- AND THREATENS TO REPLACE EVEN THE NAME OF THE IMMORTAL DEMPSEY AS IDOL OF THE RING -- BUT TONIGHT IS CARNIVAL NIGHT, AND HIS OPPONENT IS RUTHLESS JEAN JACQUES, MONSTER CHAMPION OF THE NORTH WOODS

by
BERNIE
and
DICK



IN THE CAMP OF JEAN JACQUES, A LUMBERMAN SPEAKS OUT OF TURN...



WELL, SWEET-- THIS IS OUR BIG NIGHT....

BUT TERRY-- THIS JEAN JACQUES IS AN INHUMAN BRUTE! WHY HE'S...HE'S LIABLE TO KILL YOU!!



BONNIE, WE HAVE OUR LAST CENT BET ON THIS FIGHT — WHEN I WIN WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET MARRIED, NO BULL HEADED LUMBERJACK IS GOING TO DEFEAT ME WHEN I'M FIGHTING FOR YOUR HAPPINESS —

ALL RIGHT DARLING — YOU'RE THE BOSS — BUT RUN ALONG HOME NOW AND GET SOME REST BEFORE THE FIGHT

OKAY BONNIE — DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT THINGS —

BUT AT THIS MOMENT — TWO FIGURES FROM TERRY'S PAST — APPROACH IN A NEW YORK CAR

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS — THAT'S THE BIG TIMBERMAN NOW! IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

YOU TWO UP HERE!

DON'T GET EXCITED, CHUM — WE JUST DROPPED UP TO HELP YOU PICK UP SOME READY DOUGH ON THIS FIGHT —

THAT'S RIGHT TERRY — CANADA'S GOING WILD BETTING ON THIS FIGHT — YOU'RE GOING TO FIX IT SO WE MAKE SOME REAL DOUGH UNDERSTAND?

D-DON'T GET MAD — TERRY —

YOU RATS! I CAN'T PUNCH HER — BUT YOU MONTE —

PUT HIM DOWN, YOU BIG APE — THAT WON'T HELP YOU —

OKAY, DOLORES — ANYTHING TO PLEASE YOU!

LISTEN TERRY — DON'T FORGET — YOUR FATHER SIGNED A NOTE FOR 30 GRAND — PLAY BALL OR HE GOES UP THE RIVER!

YEAH! BE SMART-KID!

YOU DIRTY SWINDLERS — DAD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT CROOKED STOCK DEAL — YOU TWO TRICKED HIM INTO SIGNING THOSE PAPERS — B-BUT I GUESS THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I CAN DO — DAD HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY TO PAY —

NOW YOU'RE USING THE OLD BRAVO!

AFTER PLACING HIS LARGE BETS
IN THE CITY - MONTE PLAYS THE
LOCAL LUMBERJACKS FOR
SMALLER WAGERS ...

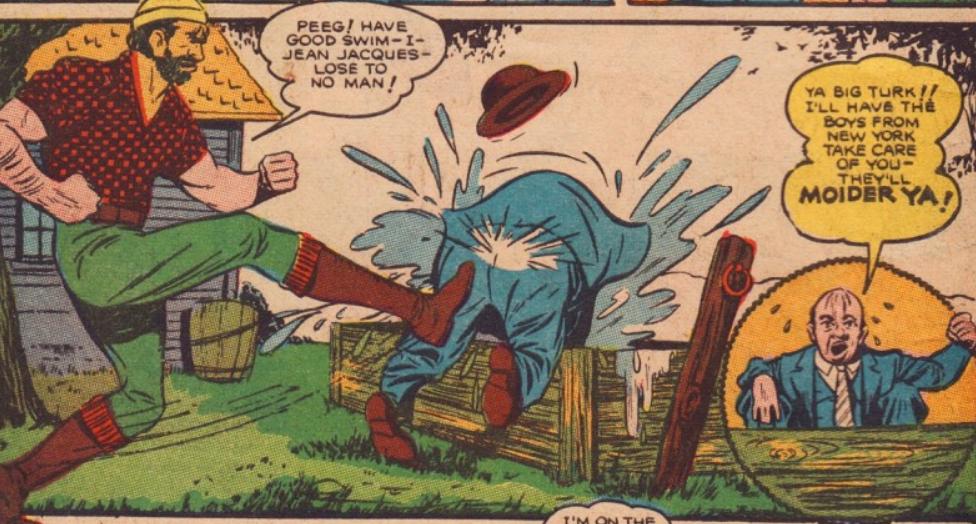
SURE - I'LL
BET ON
JACQUES -
AND GIVE YOU
10-1 ODDS -

OKAY -
I'LL TAKE
IT!

THAT
BIG GUY
LOOKS
LIKE A
GOOD
SUCKER -

YOU CAN
PICK UP
A BARREL
OF DOUGH
BY BETTING
ON
WHIRLWIND -
I'M JUST
HANDLING
SOME DOUGH
FOR A
FRIEND
WHO IS
SUCKER
ENOUGH
TO BET ON
JACQUES -

HA! LEETLE
FELLOW
MAKE
BEEG JOKE!



NO TRICKS - TERRY - I HAVE
THE PAPERS YOUR FATHER
SIGNED - SAFELY TUCKED
AWAY - ANY FUNNY STUFF
AND WE'LL BUNG HIM IN THE
BASTILLE - SO FAKE THAT
FIGHT GOOD !!

I'M ON THE
SPOT NOW -
DOLORES -
BUT
SOME DAY
YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS -



SO THAT'S WHAT TERRY
WORRIES SO MUCH ABOUT -
AND THEY'RE MAKING
HIM LOSE THE FIGHT -
I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



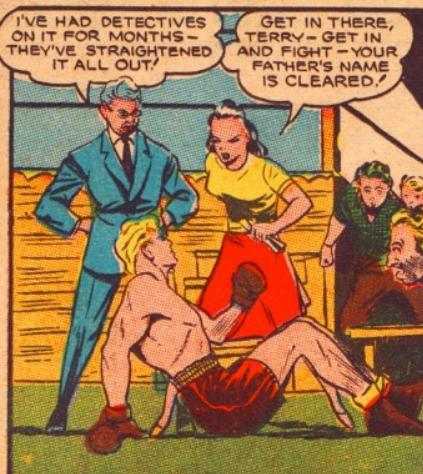
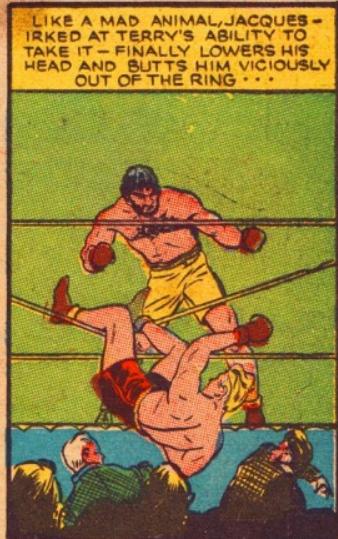
IN ANOTHER PART OF CAMP, BONNIE
ACCIDENTLY OVERHEARS

THE FIGHT BEGINS!

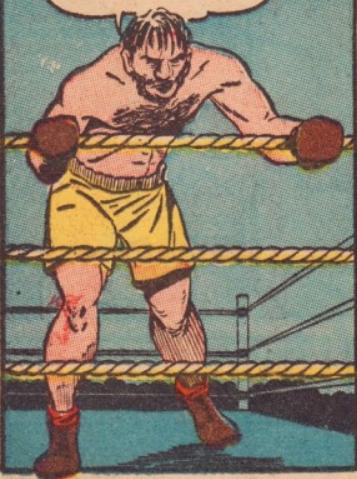
- JACQUES AT 268 POUNDS
AND IN THIS CORNER —
WHIRLWIND —
AT 197 POUNDS!



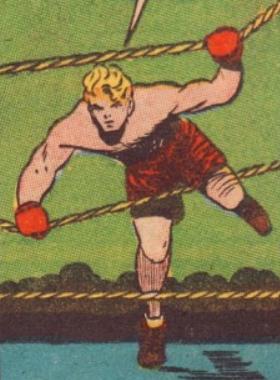
AT THE BELL JACQUES LUNGES
LIKE A WILD BULL AND SMASHES
THE BEFUDLED TERRY WITH A
HARD RIGHT . . .



HAR-YOU COME BACK -
ZEE WHIRLWIND
COME BACK FOR
BEEGER BEATING -



YOU BET
I'M COMING BACK -
COMING BACK TO
KNOCK THAT THICK
SQUASH
OF YOURS
BACK INTO
NEXT MONTH!



TWEES FELLOW
REALLY TRY TO
GET TOUGH -
I THEENK
I GEEVE IT TO HEEM -
YAH! I BREAK
HEE'S BACK -



SLIPPING
UNDER
THE GIANT
ARMS OF THE
LUMBERJACK
TERRY
STREAKS
HOME
A
SIZZLING
UPPERCUT -



ANOTHER SMASHING BLOW TO THE CHAMPION'S
BODY AND THE GIANT FRAME TOTTERS --

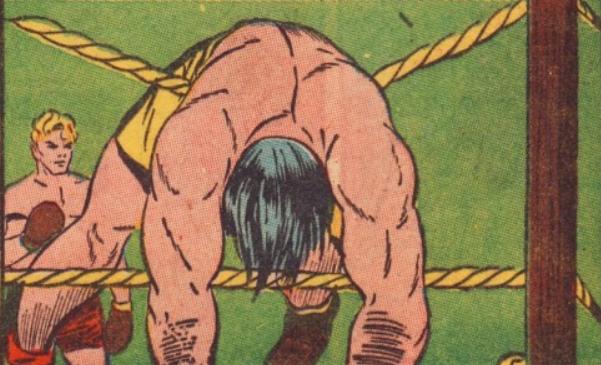
O-OH -
ISN'T HE
WONDERFUL!

AND HOW!
ATTA BOY,
TERRY!
SHOW
THE
BIG
GOOF!

WHILE IN THE AUDIENCE --
HE'S GONE NUTS - HE'S KILLIN' 'IM
H-E-Y!



A SHORT SERIES OF LIGHTENING-LIKE BLOWS AND
JACQUES' PONDEROUS BODY SAGS IN THE ROPES -
-CHAMPION NO MORE -



OH TERRY -
I'M GLAD IT'S
OVER -
I - I WAS SO
FRIGHTENED -
AND WE DIDN'T
LOSE OUR MONEY -
I COULDN'T
CANCEL THE BETS!

THAT'S SWELL
DARLING -
BUT WHERE
ARE THOSE
TWO
SHYSTERS? AND WHAT
HAPPENED?

HERE WE ARE - YOU ROTTEN WELCHER -
YOUR POP'S GOING TO DO A NICE
LITTLE STRETCH FOR THIS TRICK -

IS THAT SO!
WELL,
TERRY'S FATHER
HAS FLOWN UP
HERE AND SEVERAL
OFFICERS ARE ON
THEIR WAY TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU TWO - IT SEEMS
YOU MADE SEVERAL MIS-
TAKES IN YOUR LITTLE
FRAMING GAME -



NOW IT'S TIME
I DID SOME
BOXING!

SUSPECTING TRICKERY -- AND
WITH EVIL GLINTS IN THEIR EYES
THE LUMBERJACKS APPROACH
TO DEMAND THEIR WinnINGS --

GOSH DELORES - I
HAVEN'T THE DOUGH
TO BACK OUR LOSSES
-A - AND THESE
GUYS LOOK
TOUGH -



DON'T
LET 'EM
GET
AWAY!

BASH
THAT
LITTLE
GUY!

I GUESS THOSE
TWO ARE GONE
FOR GOOD ---
THEY'RE SLICK
ARTICLES - BUT
WHEN THEY
TRIED TO FORGE
YOUR FATHER'S
NAME TO AN-
OTHER PAPER -
THEY SLIPPED
UP - IT'S GOOD
I PHONED
HIM!

YES - SON - MY
RIGHT WRIST
HAS BEEN
SPRAINED FOR
MONTHS - I'VE
BEEN SIGNING
ALL MY PAPERS
WITH MY LEFT
HAND --- THE
POLICE COULD
SEE THE
DIFFERENCE
IMMEDIATELY!

GOSH, KIDS - IT
SURE WAS SWELL
HAVING YOU AT
THE RINGSIDE -
HOPE TO SEE
YOU AGAIN IN
THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
DAREDEVIL COMICS!



NIGHTRO

By Quincy Roussos

*the Streamlined
ROBIN HOOD-*



SOME MEN WOULD COME OUT OF THE EXPERIENCE DESCRIBED HERE WITH GUNS BLAZING. OTHERS WOULD BE WHIPPED DOWN, ONLY A FEW COULD BE STRONG AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO EMERGE AS HUGH GODDARD DID...

TODAY—EYES CRIPPLED SO HE MUST MOVE IN DARKNESS—THIS CHANGED MAN STRIKES WHEREVER HE FINDS INJUSTICE BURIED BEYOND THE LAW'S REACH IN MYSTERY. OUTWITTING CRIME'S WIZARDS WITH THEIR OWN TRICKS, HE TAKES WHAT HAS BEEN STOLEN. HE GIVES THE LOOT TO PERSONS SUFFERING FROM OTHERS' GREED, AND USES IT TO RESCUE THE DESPERATE. AT LAST, HE HAS MAGNIFICENT REVENGE ON THE ONES WHO CHEATED HIM IN THE UNUSUAL TALE WHICH FOLLOWS---

READ HOW NIGHTRO CAME TO BE

A SHORT WHILE AGO--

THE ROAD TO A LIFE OF WEIRD ADVENTURE BEGINS FOR THE YOUNG SCIENTIST, HUGH GODDARD ON A TRIP INTO THE WILDS OF ALASKA.

WITH HIM, DOGGING HIS STEPS ARE THE BACKERS OF THE TRIP, HOAG AND A MINING ENGINEER, TOLLINI. THEY ARE FAR UP A LONELY VALLEY. WHEN--

AT LAST, TESTING THE ROCK FROM A SHINY BLACK VEIN IN THEIR LABORATORY CABIN--

IT IS, IT'S PITCHBLENDE-RICH IN RADIUM!

RADIUM? A WHOOPIN' BIG VEIN--WORTH A FORTUNE--

YES, A HUGE MINE, WHEN WE GIVE THIS TO THE CANCER-CURE FOUNDATION, JUST THINK--THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HELP CANCER SUFFERERS THE WORLD OVER AT VERY LOW COST--

GIVE IT TO--? WAIT, ARE YOU SURE IT'S RADIUM? LOOK AGAIN--



AS GODDARD BENDS LOWER OVER HIS FIND, TOLLINI SEIZES A PIECE OF FIREWOOD--

TOLLINI SWINGS A VICIOUS BLOW AGAINST THE BARE HEAD OF HUGH GODDARD.

-BUT IT GLANCES OFF, LEAVING HIM MOMENTARILY DAZED THOUGH STILL CONSCIOUS-

HUGH GODDARD SUDDENLY GRASPS THE SITUATION AND WHIPS A LEFT INTO TOLLINI'S FACE.

WHAT THA DEVIL? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

HOLY SMOKEY—
STILL UP—BUT THIS WILL—

I GET IT NOW! YOU BOYS ARE GETTING A LITTLE GREEDY, EH?

WELL YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE RADIUM—BUT YOU CAN HAVE THIS!!

BUT AS HUGH GODDARD LASHES AT HIS BETRAYER ANOTHER CLUTCHES A CLUB AND CREEPS UP CAT-LIKE BEHIND HIM--

AND THIS!

THE FULL IMPACT OF HOAG'S CLUB SMASHES GODDARD TO THE FLOOR

As consciousness slowly returns, GODDARD FINDS THE CAMP GONE. HIS FORMER AIDES HAVE LEFT, TAKING THE ONLY EQUIPMENT WITH WHICH A NORMAL MAN COULD HOPE TO REACH CIVILIZATION--

DON'T LEAVE ME TO DIE--

As HUGH GODDARD SEMI-CONSCIOUSLY STAGGERS INTO THE WILDS, A BLINDING SNOW STORM ENVELOPES HIM--



IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA
A MAN CAN BATTLE THE
ELEMENTS ONLY SO LONG--
THEN HE MUST SINK INTO
THAT PEACEFULL SLEEP
FROM WHICH THERE IS
NO AWAKENING. BUT AS
HUGH COLLAPSES, SCOUTING
ESKIMOS ARE NEARBY--

**ALMOST DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION
AND SNOW BLINDNESS, HUGH IS
CARRIED BY THE KINDLY
ESKIMOS TO THEIR CAMP!**

**WHITE MAN
SLEEP IN SNOW,
GOOD PLACE
FOR SLEEP--
BUT NO
WAKE UP!**



**AND HOURS LATER REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS ONLY TO FACE
A BLACK WORLD--A WORLD
DEVOID OF ALL COLOR--FOR
THE BLINDING REFLECTION
OF SUN AND SNOW HAS
TAKEN ITS DEADLY TOLL.
HUGH GODDARD IS STONE
BLIND!!!**

**I-I CAN'T SEE! I'M
BLIND, OH, NO-NO
IT CAN'T BE
TRUE?**

**BUT IT IS TRUE--
AND FOR WEEKS
HUGH GODDARD SUFFERS IN
DARKNESS--THEN A
PASSING EXPLORER
KINDLY ESCORTS HIM
BACK TO CIVILIZATION--**

**--AND LEAVES HIM AT
THE DOOR OF THE
WORLD FAMED EYE
SPECIALIST, FRANK
MILLER!**



**TELL ME
TRUTHFULLY,
DOCTOR MILLER--
WILL I EVER
SEE AGAIN?**

**YOU HAVE A
PECULIAR AF-
FLICTION--BUT
I HAVE AN IDEA--
DON'T BE IM-
PATIENT SON--HOLD
THIS PIECE OF
POLAROID GLASS
OVER YOUR
EYES--**

**E-EVERYTHING
IS TAKING
FORM--W-H-Y
I CAN
SEE!!!**

ONE HOUR LATER--

**HERE YOU ARE, SON--
I PUT SOME POLAROID
EYE PIECES IN THESE
GLASSES, THEY'RE
HIDEOUS LOOKING, BUT
WITH THEM YOU'LL
ALWAYS BE
ABLE TO
SEE--!**

**AND SO THE BLIND SEE AND HUGH
GODDARD EMERGES AS NIGHTRO--
BESPECTACLED NEMESIS OF CRIME
FOR I SET APART FROM SOCIETY
BY HIS GOULISH GLASSES WHAT ELSE TO
DO, BUT ACQUIRE A SIMILAR ATTIRE AND
ADOPT A SPIRIT OF
CRIME PREVENTION
AS HIS URGE TO
LIVE --**



LATER - OUTSIDE A DARK, SINISTER MANSION - THE STREAMLINED FIGURE OF NIGHTRO PAUSES NEAR A WINDOW -



INSIDE AGE HOAG AND TOLLINI FLOATING OVER THEIR RECENT RADIUM SEIURE -



AT THIS MOMENT NIGHTRO KNOCKS GRIMLY ON THE DOOR.

WHO ARE YOU - WHAT DA YA WANT?

HELLO TOLLINI - REMEMBER ME?



NO - I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T - NOT WITH THESE GLASSES, - AYE RAT!



WELL GENTLEMEN, WITH THESE GLASSES OFF MAYBE YOU CAN RECOGNIZE ME -



GOOD GRAVEY! GODDARD!

THAT'S RIGHT GENTLEMEN! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO PUT THESE ON AGAIN SO THAT I CAN SEE TO CLEAN UP A COUPLE OF SKUNKS-

HAVE I GONE WACKY?



WE'RE GOING TO CLOSE OUR LITTLE BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT MY WAY - NIGHTRO'S WAY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK - GET HIM!



MAKING A SUDDEN LUNGE TOLLINI WHIPS THE GLASSES FROM NIGHTRO'S EYES -



COMPLETELY BLIND IN THE LIGHT WITHOUT HIS GLASSES NIGHTRO MANAGES TO GET A HEADLOCK ON TOLLINI!



BUT STAGGERS HELPLESSLY OVER AN UNSEEN CHAIR DURING THE SCUFFLE.

HURLING THE CHAIR
IN BLIND DEFENSE
NIGHTRO SMASHES
THE LAMP, THROWING
THE ROOM INTO
COMPLETE DARKNESS!

LOST AND BLIND WITHOUT
HIS GLASSES, NIGHTRO GROPES
FEVERISHLY ON THE FLOOR.

HERE'S A
PRESENT FOR
YA, NIGHTRO—
OR WHATEVER
YOU CALL
YOURSELF -

WOW?
THAT
WAS
CLOSE?

THIS'LL
PUT US
ON THE
SAME
BASIS.

YOUR PAL'S
OUT COLD,
BUT I
WANT YOU
CONSCIOUS!

ALLRIGHT,
ALLRIGHT.
DON'T
BREAK
MY ARM!

I'LL BREAK
YOUR NECK?
SIGN THAT
RADeUM
MINE RE-
LEASE— AND
SIGN IT
QUICKLY!

ALRIGHT HOAG!
NOW PICK UP YOUR
CHUM AND I'LL
DROP YOU
OFF AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS!

SEPERATED FROM THE
SWINDLERS BY THE
FLAMES, NIGHTRO FIGHTS
DESPERATELY TO GET
THROUGH FOR EVEN A
CORRUPT LIFE IS
WORTH SAVING, BUT
THE FIRE BURNS TOO
FIERCELY IN MINUTES
NOTHING BUT CHARRED
BODIES REMAIN OF
THE MEN—



A WEEK LATER AT THE CANCER CURE
FOUNDATION ...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, I GUESS WE
CAN JUST ABOUT RESIGN OUR JOBS.
I'VE CHECKED THIS RADeUM MINE
CLAIM WE RECEIVED AND THERE'S
ENOUGH RADeUM THERE TO CURE
EVERYONE IN THE HOSPITAL AND
THEM SOME—I ONLY WISH THE
MYSTERIOUS PERSON WHO SENT
THIS HAD GIVEN US HIS NAME—
HE DESERVES THE HEARTFELT THANKS
OF THE ENTIRE FOUNDATION —



WHY DOES NIGHTRO
CALL HIMSELF
NIGHTRO? WHAT
LIES BEHIND THIS
NAME? NEXT
MONTH NIGHTRO
REVEALS AN ABILITY
THAT VERGES ON
INCREDIBILITY—
ASTOUNDING AS IT
MAY APPEAR TO YOU, IT
IS NEVER THE LESS TRUE.
SEE NEXT ISSUE!

JOEY
ROUSSO

DASH DILLON

AT
HALE



AFTER A SODA TOGETHER, DASH WALKS MISS TAYLOR HOME - WHY WITH A PITCHING ARM LIKE YOURS, YOU'D MAKE A GRAND BALL PLAYER, DASH, IT'S A SHAME THAT YOUR MEDICAL COURSE TAKES UP SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME

OH I'D HAVE TIME TO PLAY BALL SOME - BUT DON'T THINK I'D BE MUCH GOOD ...

WELL THANKS AGAIN FOR SAVING ME FROM THOSE HOODLUMS. AND I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU ON THE CAMPUS TOMORROW

FATHER! YOU LOOK TERRIBLY DEPRESSED - IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?



IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT THAT THE TEAM IS POOR, DAD, YOU HAVEN'T THE PROPER PLAYING MATERIAL

I KNOW LYNN, BUT THE SCHOOL BOARD IS PRETTY DISGUSTED WITH THE TEAM'S RECORD THEY'VE BEEN RATHER NASTY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.

LATER -

I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS LYNN, BUT UNLESS A MIRACLE HAPPENS I WON'T BE COACH NEXT YEAR -

IF DAD HAD A GOOD PITCHER HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SWING THAT BIG GAME WITH YARVARD NEXT WEEK ...H-M-M- I WONDER ...



NEXT DAY THE HALE BASEBALL SQUAD WARMS UP FOR ITS BIG GAME WITH YARVARD - EVEN UNDER THE EXPERT TUTORAGE OF COACH TAYLOR THE TEAM IS RANKED LAST IN THE LEAGUE



THIS IS DASH DILLON, DAD, I'VE CONVINCED HIM THAT HE SHOULD TRY OUT FOR THE SQUAD -

I HAVEN'T TIME TO BREAK IN ANY NEW PLAYERS DASH, BUT YOU CAN TAKE A TURN AT BATTING IF YOU WANT

WHAT'S THIS BIRD TRYING TO DO - SHOW US HOW GOOD HE IS ?

THAT'S DILLON, I DON'T THINK HE EVER SWUNG A BAT IN HIS LIFE -



DASH TAKES THE PITCHERS MOUND AND WINDS UP TO HALE'S MOST FORMIDABLE SLUGGER—THEIR ONE HITTER—

I'LL PASTE THIS OUT OF THE PARK AN' MAKE THAT SHOW OFF LOOK CHEAP!

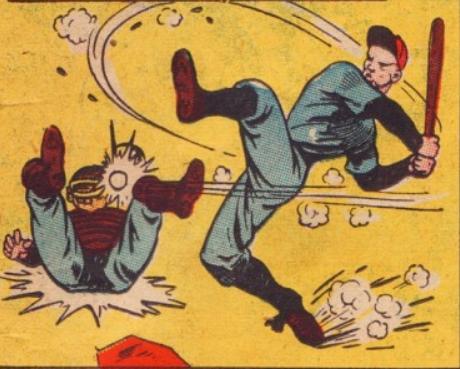


WOW!
THAT BOY
CAN CERTAINLY
HIT!

THAT'S
NOTHING
DAD... LET
HIM PITCH
A FEW FOR YOU



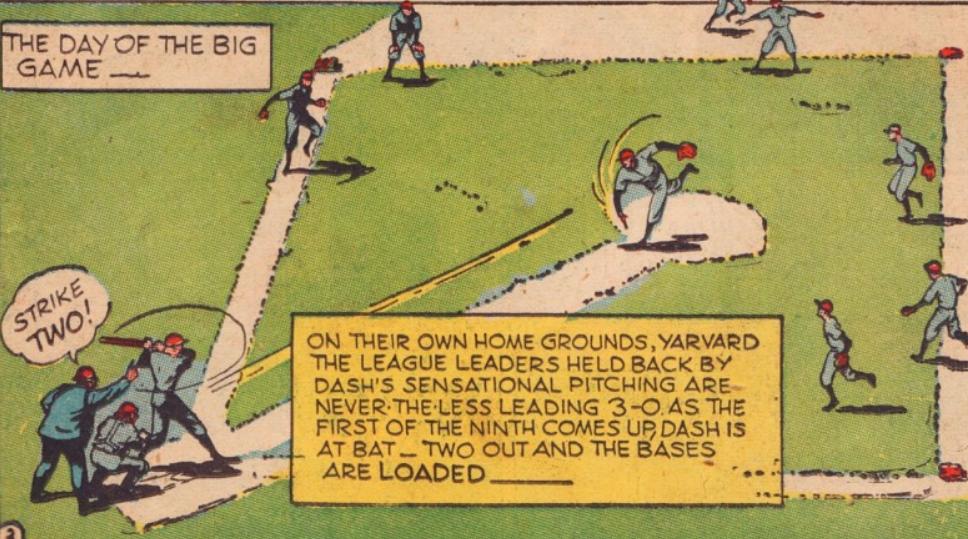
WITH TERRIFIC FORCE DASH'S PITCH STREAKS PAST THE BATTER AND KNOCKS THE CATCHER FLAT



BUT AS THE CATCHER RETURNS THE PITCH DASH'S WEAKNESS COMES TO VIEW—HE FUMBLIES THE BALL AWKWARDLY—



THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME —





BUT AS DASH REACHES HOME PLATE HE GRIPS HIS WRIST IN PAIN

GOSH, COACH, I SPRAINED MY WRIST ON THAT ONE... DOUBT IF I CAN PITCH WITH IT NOW -

THAT'S OKAY DASH, CHANGE PLACES WITH THE LEFT FIELDER - HE CAN PITCH

THE FIRST BATTER FOR YARDARD GROUNDS OUT, THE SECOND FANS BUT THEN THE THIRD SINGLES AND THE NEXT HITTER POLES A TERRIFIC DRIVE TOWARD THE LEFT FIELD STANDS.



KONK!



WELL, SON, I DON'T KNOW HOW MY DAUGHTER EVER DISCOVERED YOU - BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU GET AWAY NOW! WE'LL WIN THE LEAGUE TITLE NEXT YEAR UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...

THANKS COACH, FIELDING BUT I GUESS NOTHING! I'D BETTER FORGET FIELDING LET'S GO HAVE AN APPLE, CHAMP



DASH DILLON SCORES ANOTHER HOME-RUN AS HE PUTS THE FOOT INTO FOOT-BALL FOR HALE UNIVERSITY IN NEXT MONTH'S DARE DEVIL COMICS!

PIONEER

CHAMPION OF AMERICA

J GAHR
OCT. 1941
THE FREELANCE

OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS JAWS OF DEATH GORGE, IN THE DEEPEST AND MOST UNKNOWN CANYON OF YELLOWSTONE, COMES THE CHAMPION OF AMERICA—PIONEER!



LOOK, BOSS — A HORSE AND BUGGY RIGHT IN OUR PATH—WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE OF US — THE ROAD'S TOO NARROW!!!

WELL I AIN'T STOPPIN'—IT'S THEM OR US—I'LL BRUSH 'EM OFF THE CLIFF!!!



NO, BOSS — Y CAN'T YOU'LL KILL 'EM? I WON'T LET YA DO IT!!!

GET YOUR MITTS OFF THIS STEERN WHEEL—HEY!



THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE SCENE—

THEY'RE GONE,
ALL RIGHT, AN'
BESIDES, NO ONE
EVER CAME OUT
OF DEATH GORGE
ALIVE!!

LET'S GET
GOIN' AN'
REPORT IT
TO THE SHERIFF.

WHILE WANDERING NEARBY, AN UNKNOWN DWELLER OF THE CANYON, PIONEER, HEARS THE CRASH.



ONE BY ONE, THE HUSKY YOUTH BEARS THE THREE MEN OFF—



IN HIS CRUDE CABIN, PIONEER CARES FOR THE TRIO—



YOU BAD-KILL
BIRD???

HEY-LAY
OFF ME!!!
OOFF

I'LL
PLUG
HIM!

NAW, SCOTTY
DON'T SHOOT,
GET THE GUY
OFF ME!!

BATER - IN PIONEER'S HUT--
WE WASTED
ENOUGH TIME
HERE - WE GOTTA
START THINKIN'
ABOUT THAT
BANK JOB!?

YEAH-BUT
FIRST WE
GOTTA GET
OUTA THIS
WILDERNESS.



NOT REALIZING THAT NO ONE HAS EVER LEFT DEATH-GORGE ALIVE, THE GANGSTERS START OFF - - - -

- TOO BAD YOU WON'T COME ALONG PIONEER!

S'LONG!

HOURS LATER THE THUGS RETURN FOOTSCRE AND WEARY - - -

JEEPERS!! RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM!!

NO-ME STAY HERE!



BIG BIRDS FLY- ALWAYS MAKE LOTSA NOISE - NEVER COME HERE!?

WOW!
HOPE HE SPOTS US?
LET'S YELL AT HIM!

HEY!
UP THERE!!

HEY!?!?

AW NUTS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR G-GOOD!?





M MEANWHILE, TWO FARMERS, HIGH
ABOVE DEATH GORGE,
SPY THE SMOKE!

SMOKE-HEY OSSIE-
LOOK-PEOPLE DOWN THERE,
THEY'RE SIGNALING US-
THEY WANNA GET
OUT!!



WITH PIONEER'S AID-THE MEN
ARE SOON HOISTED OUT OF
THE CANYON---



THAT EVENING--



DAREDEVIL



FIGHTING
IS A GOOD
THING TO STAY
AWAY FROM,
FELLAS - BUT AT
TIMES IT'S
NECESSARY AND
THEN YOU REALLY
HAVE TO BE
PREPARED!

ON
"DEFENSE"
AS TOLD BY
DAREDEVIL
HIMSELF

I REMEMBER a few years ago when I first assumed the role of Daredevil to do my part toward smashing crime. There weren't any villains like the Claw to fight in those days, but I can tell you about one criminal who caused the police a lot of trouble. His name was Nick Mondello, a monstrous hulk of a man, clever, ruthless, and brutal.

One evening while investigating illegal alien entries, I visited a dilapidated cafe run by a half-breed named Polas. Polas ran the roughest, toughest eating place on the San Francisco waterfront. While questioning him concerning the recent wave of alien smuggling he suddenly raised his arm and pointed toward a huge brute of a man seated at the end of the lunch counter.

"See that man?" Polas said, "He's Nick Mondello. He no good. I seen him murder man once."

"Murder!" I exclaimed, "good heavens, man, why don't you turn him in?"

"Turn him in!" Polas laughed, "Har! that do no good. He murder man in China long time ago. Police no believe me!" Polas served a quick cup of coffee and then puckered his features in a dark frown. "Besides," he added, "I turn him in to police—he turn me into grave."

I noticed Polas' face grow grim. Turning abruptly he walked down to Nick Mondello and said something short and fast. Then it happened. With a shout Mondello was on his feet. His fist shot out in an arc and landed with a sickening crunch against Polas' mouth.

"Throw Nick Mondello out of a cheap lunch eat, will you!" he roared.

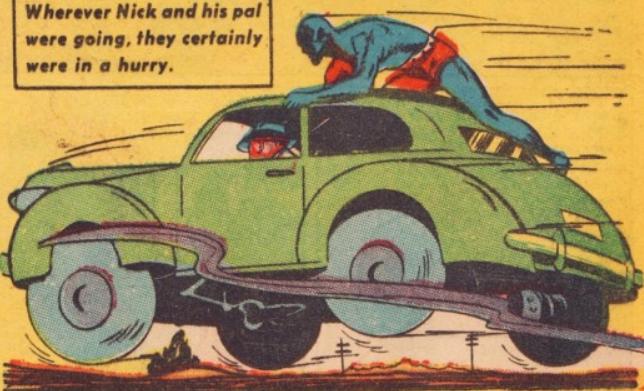
The impact of the blow slammed the little half-breed in-

to a glass cabinet, smashing it to bits. Pathetically he slumped to the floor and spewed teeth from the red smear that was once his mouth. Mondello swung around, cursing. Before the startled patrons could move he had yanked open the door and was striding outside.

That was enough for me. Something mysterious was going on here. I had waited a long time for a clue to this alien smuggling and it looked as if this might be it. Someone had been smuggling Chinese into the country in huge numbers. This man, Nick Mondello, had murdered a man in China who had a great deal of money. It was a weak clue to work on, but at least it was better than none.

Outside in the street Nick lit a cigar and hopped into a waiting car. With a quick move I shed my outer clothes and was on the roof of the sedan clutching the sides for dear life. Seconds later we were tearing around corners at seventy and roaring along straightaways at well over eighty. Wherever Nick and his pal were going, they certainly were in a hurry. Sud-

Wherever Nick and his pal were going, they certainly were in a hurry.



denly we screeched to a stop by a dismal run-down dock. The sudden motion caught me off my guard. I was yanked off the roof, sent spinning through the air, and then slammed down on the engine hood. In a flash they were on me. Cold steel whipped into view and they fired wildly as I slithered off the hood onto the ground and then underneath the car. Hot lead plucked my costume and I felt a sharp sting in my shoulder. As feet rushed past the car, I lunged out. A thousand colored lights burst in my brain. Something very solid had smashed against my head.

Hours later I awakened to find myself strapped to the lower berth of some ship, evidently out at sea. Above me the face of Nick Mondello leered down.

"Hello, Daredevil," he said, "guess you bit off a little more than you could chew. You may do all right cleaning up those penny ante gangsters but don't think you can pull that stuff on me."

I tested my bonds but found them too secure to snap.

"So my hunch was right," I replied, "you are mixed up in this smuggling game."

Mondello's wide grin froze. "So ya know about that, eh!"

"No, just guessed."

"Well, ya won't have to worry about it much longer, brother, cause you're gonna be fish meat pretty quick."

With this remark Mondello slouched across the cabin and gazed out a window.

"We're almost ready to land," he said.

At this moment a file of Chinese entered the cabin, escorted by several of Mondello's stooges. They emerged through a trap door in the floor and as they filed out onto the deck, I guessed that they were going to be landed in one of the small boats. Evidently Mondello had taken me out to sea with him and his men, picked up the aliens from another boat, and was now preparing to set them off along some remote part of the coast. I had just about decided my goose was cooked when the last Chinese in line paused in the doorway. He waited until Mondello had left to manage the landing and then approached me.

"You Daredevil?" he inquired.

"That's right," I answered, "but how do you know me?"

"Oh me know you from costume. Me hear about you in Hongkong. They say you veree good guy. My name Sin Lee."

Sin Lee turned out to be one of the grandest pals a fellow ever

had. He wasn't an alien attempting illegal entry. Mondello had tricked him into getting on board to cook for the crew. With Sin Lee's help we lured the whole crew, along with the Chinese, into a forward compartment, bottled them in, and locked the hatchets. But Mondello fooled us. He leaped to the bridge and drawing an automatic from his shirt blazed away at us until it emptied. Then he cursed, slammed the gun at us and raced toward the stern of the ship. Seconds later we saw him spurt toward the shore in a small launch which he had evidently kept for just such a purpose.

All the other boats had been sent drifting when we surprised the crew. Leaving Sin Lee with a rifle to guard our captives, I leaped into the cold water and swam for the coast, some four miles off.

When I reached Mondello's quarters nothing but a smouldering cigar greeted me. Obviously he had just packed his things and left. Acting on a hunch I changed into some of Mondello's old clothes which he had left behind and headed toward Polas' cafe. There was a chance Polas might be able to give me a bit of information on Mondello's family or friends.

Outside Polas' cafe I stopped short. I could see Polas inside surrounded by a large group of persons, all jabbering excitedly. A grin cracked his features as I pushed through the crowd. In his right hand he held a bloody bread knife. Beneath him lay Mondello—blood pouring from a huge gash in his throat.

"Polas!" I shouted.

"Hello, Bart Hill," he said happily, "forget to tell you something before—man Nick Mondello kill in China my brother—but everything all right now."

DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

The LEFT-HOOK



This is usually the first blow of a one-two punch for a knockout. Be sure and keep all your weight centered on the left foot, particularly the weight from the shoulder muscles. Keep the palm down and throw after you have forced an opening with a left jab. Don't let any of these punches fool you, fellas... some of them are tricky... but I'll be back next month with more dope on boxing for you.

UNTIL THEN — SO LONG

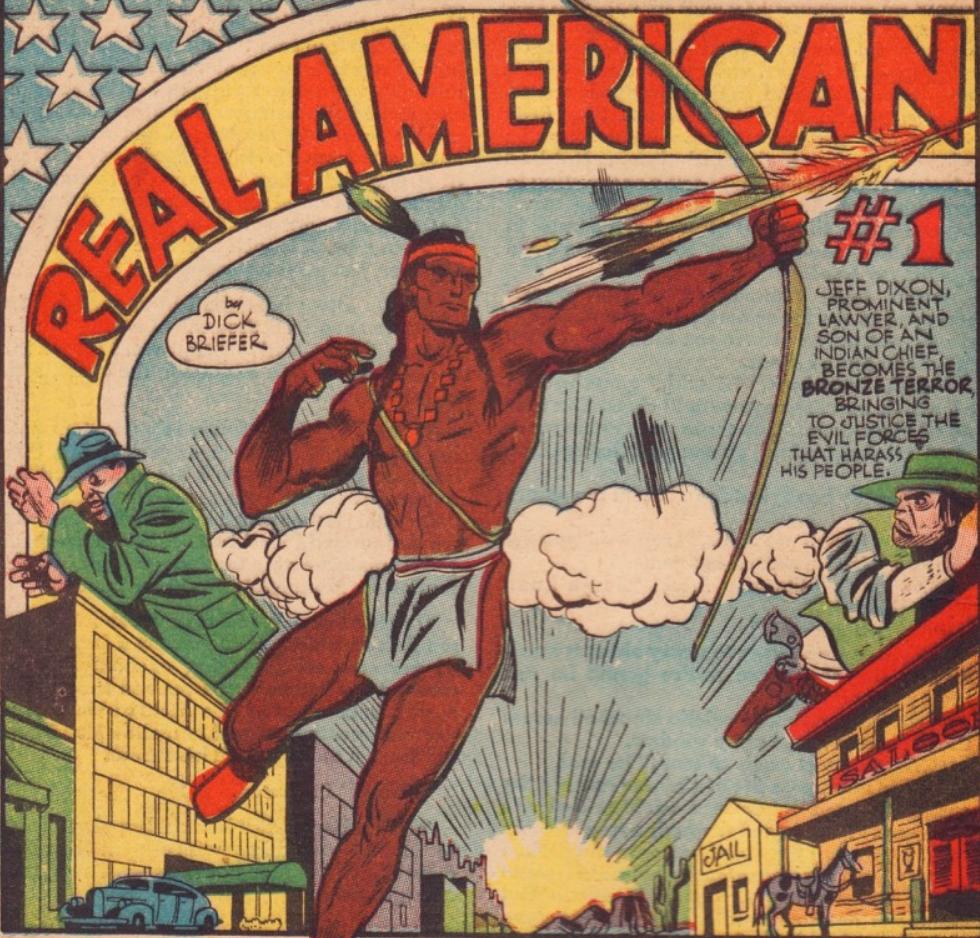
Daredevil

REAL AMERICAN

#1

by
DICK
BRIEFER

JEFF DIXON,
PROMINENT
LAWYER, AND
SON OF AN
INDIAN CHIEF,
BECOMES THE
BRONZE TERROR,
BRINGING
TO JUSTICE THE
EVIL FORCES
THAT HARASS
HIS PEOPLE.



WHEN THE WILD WEST WAS TAMED, THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER MUST HAVE IGNORED THE LITTLE TOWN OF REDFIELD, NEAR INDIAN TERRITORY. TO-DAY, IT IS STILL DOMINATED BY THE "BAD MEN" OF YESTERYEAR.

IN CONTROL OF THE TOWN IS AN UNSCRUPULOUS RENEGADE, SCAR THORNTON.

Y'KNOW, ZEKE, YOU'VE BEEN GITTIN' ON MY NERVES FOR A LONG TIME. I AINT GONNA STAND FOR IT MUCH LONGER!

AW, NOW, SCAR--
IF I--

IN FACT, I'M GONNA
MAKE SURE I AINT
PESTERED AGIN BY
YOU. GIT THIS!

OHMMH



PROBE FOR THE
BULLET SO'S I CAN
ADD IT TO MY COLL-
ECTION OF USED
SLUGS.

SCAR'S CHEATING
WAYS SHOW UP BEST WHEN
THE INDIANS COME TO HIS
SALOON. PLYING THEM WITH
LIQUOR, HE FLEECES THEM
OF THEIR MONEY AT CROOKED
GAMBLING TABLES AND BY CLEVER
CARD-SHARPING.

ME BROKE--
LOST EVERY CENT-- EVEN
ONE WITH MY
PICTURE ON IT.
BAD-- BAD.

AW, NOW,
JOE-- I'LL
LEND YOU
MORE
MONEY--
YOUR LUCK
WILL CHANGE.

SHOW ME
THE WAY
TO MY
TEEPPEE
♪

HIC

THE SHERIFF ENTERS.

HEARD YOU SHOT ZEKE,
SCAR. GUESS IT WUZ
IN SELF-DEFENSE--
NO DOUBT. Y'JUST
HAD TO PROTECT
Y'SELF.

THE MAYOR ENTERS.

I HEARD ZEKE PULLED
A GUN ON YOU, SCAR.
WELL, YOU DID THE
ONLY SANE THING
YOU COULD.

IN SCAR'S OFFICE...

NOW, SCAR--
YOU GOT TO
GO EASY ON
THESE KILLINGS.
IT LOOKS BAD
FOR US.

YEAH-- THE
FOLKS WILL
FIND OUT
WE'RE IN
CAHOOTS!

AS IF
THEY DON'T
KNOW NOW
GO ON,
BEAT IT--
I'M
BUSY!

JUST THEN, INTO THE SALOON
STRIDES WHITE FALCON, CHIEF
OF THE TRIBE, WITH A YOUNG AIDE

ALL MY MEN-- GO!
GO HOME -- AWAY
FROM THIS PLACE!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
CHIEF--
ARE YOU
A SORE
LOSER?

YOU LET MY
MEN ALONE--
YOU CROOKED
GAMBLER.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
WHITE MAN OUR
FRIEND-- BUT YOU
ARE JUST DESERT
RAT! I GO.

THAT RED BUM! IF
HE DOESN'T LIKE IT IN
THIS COUNTRY, WHY
DON'T HE GO
BACK WHERE HE
CAME FROM?

LOOK OUT,
SCAR--
YOU'RE
INVITING
TROUBLE!



SCAR SENDS THE KNIFE WHIZZING ACROSS THE ROOM.



BUT THE CHIEF'S FAITHFUL AIDE SEES THIS, AND STEPS IN THE WAY TO SAVE HIM, ONLY TO RECEIVE THE BLADE FULL IN THE HEART!



A WORD FROM SCAR, AND THE CHIEF IS SLUGGED.



GOOD WORK! NOW POUR THAT LIQUOR ALL OVER HIM AND DOWN HIS THROAT. THEN SEND FOR JUDGE HAWKS!



ENTER JUDGE HAWKS.

JUDGE, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THIS DRUNKEN CHIEF STABBED THAT BRAVE TO DEATH!

HMM-- MURDER, EH?

I WUZ SORTA FOND OF THAT INJUN KID--SO I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT CHIEF FOUND GUILTY, SEE?

WAL, SCAR, I HAPPEN TO KNOW THATS YORE KNIFE IN THAT INJUN, BUT-- HEH,HEH-- I GUESS MY JURY WILL FIND HIM - ER-- GUILTY!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT.

THE NEXT DAY, THE CHIEF'S TRIAL TAKES PLACE.

THE JURY WILL NOW GIT OUT AND DECIDE WHETHER THE ACCUSED IS GUILTY!

WE DON'T NEED TO GO OUT, JUDGE! HE'S GUILTY!

WAKE UP, SI!

WHAT--HUUH?
OH YEAH--
GUILTY!

HANG THE BLUM!

WHILE ON THE RESERVATION---

HOW UNJUST!
WHAT A DISGRACE
I HOPE THIS LETTER GETS TO JEFF IN TIME.



AT A MID-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

SAY? WHO IS THAT RECORD-BREAKER?

THAT'S OUR JEFF DIXON

THERE'S JEFF DIXON CLINCHING THE 100-YARD DASH!

LOOK AT JEFF DIXON CRASH THAT LINE!

THERE GOES JEFF DIXON THE FULL-BLOODED INDIAN!

WHAT A MAN!

--AND TO YOU, JEFF DIXON, THE AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING SCHOLARSHIP AND OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

OW! MY HAND!

FROM THERE, JEFF DIXON GOES ON TO LAW SCHOOL, TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER.

SORRY, MR. WELCH, BUT I AM NOT GOING TO DEFEND BUTCH SNARK. I FIGHT FOR JUSTICE--NOT TO FREE CRIMINALS. GET OUT!

WHY, YOU YOUNG SNIP, YOU'RE STILL WET! BEHIND THE EARS! YOU'D BETTER THINK AGAIN!

I SEE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME. I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU OUT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

IT IS THIS DAY THAT JEFF RECEIVES THE LETTER FROM LILLY, HIS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART.

SO DAD IS IN JAIL-- FALSELY ACCUSED OF MURDER! HMM-- A PLANE WILL GET ME HOME IN THREE HOURS.

JEFF ARRIVES AT THE RESERVATION.

AND HE'S A PRETTY TOUGH EGG!

IT'S NO USE, JEFF--SCAR THORNTON RUNS THE WHOLE TOWN.

THAT AFTERNOON.

WHAT THE?

A FLAMING ARROW SHOOTS INTO SCAR'S OFFICE!

THERE'S A NOTE
ON THE ARROW--
WHAT DOES IT
SAY, SCAR?

IT'S FOR
ME -- IT
SAYS--
"NO FIXED
JURY CAN SAVE
YOU TO-NIGHT.
IT'S SIGNED,
'THE BRONZE
TERROR."

AND OUT OF
THE NIGHT
STREAKS
SOMETHING
THAT LOOKS
LIKE A
HIDEOUS
BRONZE
STATUE
COME TO
LIFE--
THE
BRONZE
TERROR!



STRAIGHT UP TO THE JAIL HE RIDES, AND TIES A ROPE TO
THE WINDOW BARS.



A MIGHTY HEAVE---



THE BRONZE TERROR RIDES
RIGHT INTO SCAR'S SALOON!



OUT OF MY WAY!



HERE I COME,
THORNTON,
YOU
MURDERER!
YOUR NAME
IS MUD!



THE BRONZE TERROR CRASHES IN THE DOOR, ONLY TO RECEIVE SCAR'S BULLET IN HIS ARM!

GET THIS,
YOU CLOWN!



I CAME TO HAVE A LITTLE FIST FIGHT, NOT A GUN BATTLE!



A BULLET ONLY MAKES A LITTLE HOLE--BUT A SET OF KNUCKLES MAKES A FINE SPLATTER!



COME ON--
OUT THIS
DOOR WITH
ME--



A WILD RIDE ON THE HORSES BARE BACK, AND THORNTON IS DUMPED ON THE OLD CHIEF'S RESERVATION.

SPECIAL DELIVERY!
ONE LARGE RAT,
SLIGHTLY DAMAGED.
COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
BRONZE TERROR!



THE BRONZE TERROR! THAT MUST BE THE ONE WHO FREED WHITE FALCON-- AND HE RODE OFF-- BEFORE WE COULD THANK HIM.

SCAR THORNTON:
TIE HIM TO STAKE!

OH
OH
OH

BY THIS TIME JEFF DIXON HAS DISPOSED OF HIS COSTUME OF THE BRONZE TERROR, AND COMES UPON THE SCENE.

BURN HIM AT STAKE!
NO, DAD, WE CAN'T DO THAT
LET HIM HANG THERE ALL NIGHT, AND IN THE MORNING WE'LL CALL IN THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.

I'LL GET YOU INJUNS FOR THIS-- AND I'LL GET THAT BRONZE TERROR, TOO!

OH, JEFF, YOU MISSED HIM-- THE BRONZE TERROR, I MEAN! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT MAN-- A REAL HERO-- WHY, JEFF-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?

OH, NOTHING-- I BRUISED IT CHASING A-- A RAT. SO YOU THINK THE-- ER-- BRONZE TERROR IS A DARING FIGURE, EH? HMM!

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW YOU ARE THE BRONZE TERROR, JEFF DIXON, BUT WE WON'T TELL! WE KNOW YOU'RE REAL AMERICAN NUMBER ONE, AND WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS TO SEE MORE OF YOU!

LONDON



EMERGING FROM THE CHAOS
AND DEBRIS OF WAR-TORN ENGLAND
IS A DEBONAIR FIGURE WHO WITH
HIS CHARM AND DASHING BRAVADO
INJECTS A NEW SPIRIT INTO THE
HEARTS OF THE SUFFERING PEOPLE

FROM MELBOURNE TO BOMBAY—
FROM COVENTRY TO SUEZ, SPEED
FANTASTIC STORIES OF THIS
STARTLING NEW CHARACTER WHO
SUCCESSFULLY MATCHES WITS WITH
THE MOST CUNNING AGENTS
...MASTERS OF ESPIONAGE...WHO
HAVE COME TO FEAR...AND
EVEN ADMIRE HIM, THIS MAN,
KNOWN SIMPLY AS

LONDON....
FOR HE IS LONDON....
THE LIVING BREATHING REALITY
TO PROVE...
LONDON CAN TAKE IT!

JERRY
ROSEN

GREAT BATTLES ARE WON BY FORCE OF ARMS, BUT HISTORY IS WRITTEN, AND THE FATE OF MILLIONS DECIDED, BY INDIVIDUAL ACTS OF DARING AND HEROISM...

In this, the first authenticated episode of the war to escape the rigid censorship abroad - is the most sensational newsbeat of all time! When the Nazis had victory in their grasp the entire military might of the British Empire was helpless - and it was for one man to counter their enemy's boldest move!

A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN NAZI-OCCUPIED HOLLAND, JUST OFF THE INVASION COAST.

THE NIGHTLY LINEUP IS ENDED WITH THE CUSTOMARY "HEIL HITLER" - BUT THE MOCKING ROUTINE IS RUDELY UPSET - ONE PRISONER ASSUMES A CONTEMPTIBLE POSE...

**SWINE!
HEIL DER
FUEHRER!**

**HEIL
DER
SWINE!**

IN A RACE WITH DEATH, THE PRISONER MAKES FOR THE POWERHOUSE - A FEMALE ACCOMPLICE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED HIM....

**THANK HEAVENS,
FRANZ - YOU'RE
SAFE - QUICK...**

THE TWO WOULD-BE FUGITIVES FEVERISHLY RACE TO THE HUGE DYNAMOS WHICH SEND THE LIVE CURRENT SURGING THROUGH THE DEATH DEALING BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE ...

**ACH, BRAVE GIRL, DIAN,
DER WORST'
ISS PAST.
WE'LL NEVER
BE FOUND, ALL
DER POWER
SHUT OFF!**

**OH,
FRANZ!
I DO HOPE
YOU'RE
RIGHT -
I'M SO
FRIGHT-
ENED!**

MINUTES LATER - LIGHTS ARE RESTORED - ENRAGED GUARDS SCOUR THE GROUNDS - BUT UNNOTICED, A FEW CUT STRANDS OF BARBED-WIRE, MUTE EVIDENCE OF AN ESCAPE -



AFTER
MINUTES
THAT
SEEM
LIKE
HOURS...

MY FRIENDS
HAFF NOT
FAILED! DER
BOAT IS WAITING!

THE
LIGHTS
JUST
WENT
ON!

I'D HATE TO THINK
FRANZ, IF THEY HAD
KNOWN THAT I'M THE
PRIME MINISTER'S
NIECE - I GUESS I
COULD HAVE LEFT
SCHOOL IN ROTTERDAM
WHEN THE GERMANS
INVADED - BUT I JUST HAD
TO HELP THOSE POOR
REFUGEES ESCAPE!

HAD I NOT BEEN
SO FOOLISHLY
IDEALISTIC IN MY
TEACHINGS AT DER
UNIVERSITY, I TOO
WOULDN'T NEVER
HAFF SUFFERED
SUCH AN ORDEAL!
BUT IT WAS
GOOD I HAD
MY FRIENDS
TO HELP ME!

LOOK,
FRANZ,
WE'RE SAVED!
A BRITISH
DESTROYER!

ACH...
GOODT!

MOTOR BOAT
TO THE
STARBOARD--
LOWER AWAY!

FRANZ AND DIAN ARE TAKEN BELOW
TO THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS---

SO YOU'VE ESCAPED
FROM UNDER THE
VERY NOSES OF THE
BLOOMING NAZIS -
YOU'RE BOTH RATHER
LUCKY, EH WOT? I SAY--
YOU NOTICE ANY
MILITARY PREPARATIONS
ALONG THE
INVASION
COAST?

...NOTHING
SIR, BUT
DER ARE
CONSTANT
RUMORS
OF SOME
NAZI MOVE.

...HMM, I MUST SAY - I'M
RATHER SKEPTICAL OF YOUR
STORIES! THE PRIME MINISTER'S
OWN NIECE IN A CONCENTRATION
CAMP... YOUR MIRACULOUS
ESCAPE? YOU KNOW
THOSE BLASTED NAZIS KEEP
RIGHT CAREFUL WATCH OVER
THEIR POLITICAL PRISONERS!

BUT
SIR - IF
YOU CALL
MY UNCLE
I'M
SURE...

WELL - WE'LL SOON FIND OUT---

YES, PRIME MINISTER?
ADMIRAL HAWKINS, H.M.S. BAL-
FUR, I'VE JUST PICKED UP
A COUPLE OFF THE
COAST IN A SMALL BOAT--
SAID THEY FLED FROM
HOLLAND. THE GIRL CLAIMS
TO BE YOUR NIECE -
DIAN... YES - SHE'S
FINE -- VERY GOOD,
I'LL SEND THEM IN'
IMMEDIATELY BY
ESCORT!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A PRIVATE STUDIO OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CO., THE BRILLIANT NEWSCASTER, MARC HOLMES, IS GIVING HIS NIGHTLY SUMMARY OF WORLD AFFAIRS ..

..AND IN THE UNITED STATES THE PRESIDENT RECOMMENDED TO CONGRESS TODAY A NEW DEFENSE BILL. BUT TONIGHT IN THE BRITISH ISLES, THE TALK IS AGAIN OF THE SENSATIONAL ESCAPADES OF THE MYSTERIOUS LONDON! TOMORROW NIGHT-THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR-EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION ABOUT LONDON HIMSELF!

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING HIS BROADCAST, MARC RECEIVES AN URGENT CALL..

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON - THIS IS MARC HOLMES SPEAKING -

HELLO, PRIME MINISTER? YES - WHAT? DIAN? WHEN? HOW? - I'LL DASH RIGHT OVER!



AT 10 DOWNING STREET, MARC ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETED HIS FIANCÉ, WHO HAD NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE THE GERMANS INVADED HOLLAND!!

DIAN - GOSH IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED?

OH MARC, IT WAS SO TERRIBLE! - BUT THAT'S ALL PAST NOW!

YOUNG MAN, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MY NIECE IS VERY DEAR TO ME. YOUR ESCAPE WAS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE!!



MARC, YOU ABOVE ALL MUST REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION. WE MUST ACHIEVE PARITY IN THE AIR WITH THE GERMANS! THE NIGHTLY BOMBINGS WERE CUTTING DOWN ON PRODUCTION OF OUR AIRCRAFT-UNTIL LAST WEEK. THEN, ALL ATTACKS CEASED! NOT AN ENEMY PLANE CROSSED THE CHANNEL!! THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND IS PREPARING FOR SOME MOVE - ALL OUR AGENTS IN EUROPE REPORT THE SAME THING - WHEN, WHERE DIAN, THE IS IN THE ENEMY!!



SUDDENLY A STARTLING SIREN SHRIEKS-ONCE MORE THE GERMAN LUFTWAFFE RESUMES ITS SAVAGE, INDISCRIMINATE BOMBINGS. BUT THIS TIME IN MASS FORMATIONS OF COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF DEADLY HEINKEL BOMBERS! IN AN APPARENT ALL OUT ATTEMPT TO BRING BRITAIN TO HER KNEES, THEY STRIKE AT THE VERY HEART OF THE EMPIRE!!

THE NAZIS DESPERATELY ATTEMPT TO BREAK THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE PROTECTING THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS-SENDING ITS OFFICIAL RESIDENTS TO THE SHELTERS -



REACHING THE SHELTER, MARC SUDDENLY STOPS AND WHIRLS, STARTLED..

PRIME MINISTER WHERE ARE Y-- AND THOSE SAILORS? AND -- FRANZ?



SENSING DANGER MARC RACES BACK TO THE PRIME MINISTER'S SUITE...

...IF THIS IS SOME FIENDISH SCHEME-- THAT FRANZ---

...AND BURSTS INTO THE ROOM TO FACE THE REALIZATION OF HIS WORST FEARS

YOU CATCH ON QUICK, HOMES! BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

BUT THE INGENIOUS PLOT OF THE NAZIS IS IRONICALLY UPSET BY THEIR OWN AIRFORCE--AS A BOMB MAKES A DIRECT HIT UPON 10 DOWNING ST.

QUICKLY RECOVERING, MARC, NOW SEETHING WITH ANGER, LASHES OUT VIOLENTLY AT THE CONTEMPTIBLE TRAITOR!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE--THE PRIME MINISTER HAS VANISHED COMPLETELY! NEWS IS FLASHED TO THE COAST PATROL THAT THE MOST DEADLY NAZI AGENTS ARE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE TO GERMANY! THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS PLACED UNDER MARTIAL LAW--BUT THE CATASTROPHIC NEWS THAT THE PRIME MINISTER HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED IS WITHHELD! THE GOVERNMENT ATTEMPTS TO CARRY ON IN THE FOLLOWING FATEFUL HOURS!! DESPERATELY IN NEED OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE TWO TRAITOROUS SAILORS AND THE SPY, FRANZ--MARC HOLMES MAKES A FEVERISH APPEAL TO THE MILLIONS OF HIS RADIO AUDIENCE--

...THE THREE NAZI AGENTS AT LARGE ARE IN POSSESSION OF SOMETHING, WHICH, IF DELIVERED INTO THE HANDS OF HITLER WOULD BE FATAL TO OUR CAUSE--ANY CLUE, NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL IT MAY SEEM, SHOULD BE WIRED IMMEDIATELY TO SCOTLAND YARD!!

LATER AT SCOTLAND YARD--

DIAN'S ESCAPE WITH FRANZ WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED BY THE NAZIS! THEY KNEW DIAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AND GAMBLED FRANZ WOULD BE TAKEN TO HIM AS HER RESCUER!

YES, INSPECTOR! THE FOUR SAILORS WERE PLANTED ON THE PATROL DESTROYER--THE RESUMPTION OF NIGHT BOMBING WAS THE PERFECT FRONT FOR THEIR ESCAPE!

... HOW COMPLETELY I TRUSTED FRANZ AND IT WAS ALL A HORRIBLE PLOT!! - MY POOR UNCLE!

I WON'T ADMIT DEFEAT, HOLMES, BUT I MUST SAY, OUR HANDS ARE TIED! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US--LONDON!

I SAY, MARC, IN YOUR BROADCAST--YOU PROMISED INFORMATION ABOUT HIM--

HE'LL BE DIFFICULT TO CONTACT, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST! IN THE MEANTIME, SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF THAT SAILOR!

HMM--YES LONDON! HE IS THE ONLY ONE!

AND HOLMES DOES CONTACT LONDON, FOR SHORTLY, A TALL, DEBONAIREE FIGURE APPEARS WITH CHARACTERISTIC ABRUPTNESS -



LONDON!

THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! I CAN'T GET A THING OUT OF THIS BLASTED...

OF COURSE HE KNOWS IN TIME OF WAR A TRAITOR SUFFERS THE EXTREME PENALTY - DEATH! IF HE COULD RECALL JUST WHERE THE PRIME MINISTER WAS TAKEN, HOWEVER I'M SURE SOME THING COULD BE DONE--

YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW THAT I'M CAUGHT WHY SHOULD I PLAY HERO AND BURN FOR THOSE SCUM - I'LL TALK AND GET OFF EASY - I REMEMBER NOW! THEY'VE GOT THE PRIME MINISTER ON A TORPEDO BOAT HEADED FOR MELDORF, A SMALL PORT ON THE GERMAN COAST! THEY'LL ARRIVE AT 11:30 TONIGHT!

THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD, SAILOR - INSPECTOR HAVE A PURSUIT PLANE READY FOR ME IMMEDIATELY! LONDON IS GOING TO GERMANY

'YOU MUST COME THROUGH, LONDON. YOU'RE BRITAIN'S LAST HOPE - GOOD LUCK!' A biplane is shown flying over a body of water under a dark sky. The speech bubble originates from the cockpit area.

I SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN AN HOUR! THAT'LL GIVE ME ABOUT 15 MINUTES BEFORE THE BOAT DOCKS! THE REST IS EASY! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PERSUADE THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND IT ISN'T CRICKET TO ABDUCT THE PRIME MINISTER!

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, LONDON SETS HIS PLANE DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SMALL PORT, JUST IN TIME TO SEE...

A NAZI OFFICER - HE'S HEADING FOR THE DOCKS -



SORRY, YOU CAN'T STICK AROUND TO SEE THE FUN!



MEANWHILE,
ON THE DOCK,
ANXIOUS OFFICIALS
AWAIT THE
ARRIVAL OF THE
KIDNAPPED
PRIME
MINISTER

THEY SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
HERE BY NOW.
THE FEUHRER
WILL BE
FURIOUS--YES
WHAT IS IT?

COMMANDANT,
THE BOAT
EES
SIGHTED!

THE
FEUHRER IS
WAITING FOR YOU
WE SHALL GO TO
BERTHESGARTEN AT
ONCE. OFFICER,
START THE CAR!



YES
HERR
COMMANDANT!

BUT EVEN THE PRIME MINISTER IS
WRONG, FOR THE FATE OF ENGLAND DOES
DEPEND ON ONE MAN--FOR AS THE
DRIVER OF THE CAR TURNS, WE SEE
DISGUISED AS A NAZI OFFICER, MARC
HOMES, THE RADIO ANNOUNCER FOR
HE IS THE MYSTERIOUS
LONDON!

WELL, PRIME
MINISTER, HOW
LONG DO YOU
THINK THE
WAR WILL
LAST NOW? -
WITH YOU PUNY
ENGLISH WITHOUT
A LEADER!

BRITAIN WILL
CARRY ON! THE
FATE OF OUR
COUNTRY IS NEVER
DEPENDANT UPON
ANY ONE MAN!

MOTOR
TROUBLE,
HERR
COMMANDANT!

HMM--

HIMMEL!
THE FEUHRER
WILL BE
FURIOUS!
IT MUST
BE FIXED!!

IF WE
DON'T, WE'LL
BOTH LOSE
OUR HEADS!

I THOUGHT YOU
LOST YOUR HEADS
LONG AGO, BUT JUST
TO MAKE SURE!



SEEING THE CAR STOP, TWO NAZIS FROM THE PORT RACE TO THE SCENE -

COMMANDANT,
VOT ISS
WRONG?

PRIME MINISTER.
THIS IS A
FRIEND! YOU
MUST TRUST ME!
— OH OH —

FOLDS! CAN'T YOU
SEE IT'S ONLY
MOTOR TROUBLE!
UNDER OUR GREAT
FUEHRER NOTHING
IS WRONG — BUT
MOTOR TROUBLE
HEIL HITLER!

HEIL
HITLER

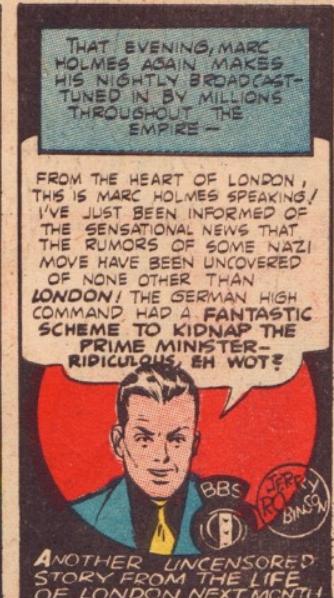
GOOD!
CHIN UP!
HEIL HITLER



RUSHING TO THE PLANE WITH
THE PRIME MINISTER, MARCY
TO CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY,
STOPS AND RESUMES HIS ROLE
OF LONDON!



I WAS PRAYING FOR A MIRACLE THAT I KNEW COULD NEVER HAPPEN! BUT IT DID! THE WILD AUDACITY OF YOUR WHOLE EXPLOIT IS ALMOST INCONCEIVABLE! WHEN THE WORLD HEARS OF IT YOU'LL BE A HERO BEYOND ALL IMAGINATION!



PAT PATRIOT

"AMERICA'S
JOAN OF ARC"

THE SPIRIT OF 1941 - SIMILAR
TO THAT OF '76 - IS EMBODIED
IN A YOUNG GIRL WHO RISES
ABOVE THE RANKS TO LEAD
HER PEOPLE IN RIDING OUR
COUNTRY OF ITS ENEMIES--



CHUCK WOODRO

IN THE MALLISON AIRPLANE
PLANT - WOMEN - AS WELL AS
MEN - ARE WORKING TO FILL
GOVERNMENT ORDERS



PAT - I CAN'T STAND THE SPEED ANY LONGER.
IT'S INHUMAN TO EXPECT US TO KEEP UP
THIS PACE. I KNOW THESE ARE DEFENSE
ORDERS AND I WANT TO DO MY SHARE
BUT I - I JUST C....



PAT GOES TO THE OFFICE OF THE FOREMAN -

SURELY YOU CAN SEE THAT THIS PACE WE ARE FORCED TO WORK AT IS BEYOND ENDURANCE - I'M NOT SPEAKING FOR MYSELF ALONE BUT FOR ALL THE WORKERS!



LISTEN - MISS - WE HAVE OUR ORDERS - THEY'VE GOT TO BE FILLED - FACTORIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HAVE JUST AS MUCH WORK AND THEY AIN'T KICKIN' - SO IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE - GET OUT - SEE?



UNDAUNTED BY THE LOSS OF HER JOB - **PAT APPEARS IN AN AMATEUR PLAY THAT EVENING JUST AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED**



AFTER THE PLAY - **PAT** IS MET AT THE STAGE DOOR BY HER BOYFRIEND, **MIKE BROWN** -

GEE - **PAT** -
YOU WERE SWELL -

THANKS - **MIKE**,
WHAT SAY - ARE
YOU SEEING ME HOME?



ON THE WAY HOME - THE PAIR IS PASSING BY THE FACTORY -

ALL RIGHT - YOU TWO - IN HERE -
BE QUIET AND YA WON'T GET HURT - SEE?



YOU BEEN SNOOPIN' 'ROUND TH' FACTORY TOO MUCH, SEE -
SO WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE
YOU MIND YER OWN BUSINESS
FROM NOW ON - SEE?



SUDDENLY **PAT** PIVOTS! .



LATER

GOODNIGHT - PAT - BETTER
NOT GO BACK TO THE
FACTORY - WE MIGHT NOT
BE SO LUCKY NEXT TIME-

ALL RIGHT -
MIKE!



DISOBEYING MIKE'S ORDERS --
PAT RETURNS TO THE PLANT -

THERE'S SOMETHING
QUEER GOING ON HERE
AND I AIM TO
FIND OUT
WHAT
IT IS -



THE NIGHT SHIFT IS
WORKING NOW.
MAYBE I CAN
SNEAK IN
UNSEEN
AT THE
SHIPPING
PLATFORM -



AT THE LOADING PLATFORM
ALL IS DARK - YET PAT CAN
HEAR THE SOUND OF CRATES
BEING LOADED ONTO A SOUTH
AMERICAN SHIP -



ONE OF THE MEN CHANCES TO
LIGHT A CIGARETTE -



SWINGING SILENTLY ABOARD
THE SHIP - PAT FINDS THE
CRATES LABELED --



BEFORE PAT CAN LEAVE - THE
SHIP SILENTLY CASTS OFF --

OH - OH - I'M IN
FOR IT NOW!



THE SHIP IS OUT IN THE OPEN
WATER WHEN ----



OKAY BOYS -
OVERBOARD
WITH HER -



PAT PROVES TO BE NO EASY PREY FOR THE SEAMEN - SUDDENLY LUNGING FORWARD SHE SENDS THEM HURTLING OVERBOARD -



PAT DIVES INTO A POWER LAUNCH HANGING IN THE DAVITS...



WITH MOTOR GOING BEFORE SHE HITS THE WATER - PAT RACES AWAY FROM THE SHIP AMIDST A HAIL OF BULLETS -



A FEW MINUTES LATER -



NEARING A PIER - SHE IS MET BY A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE -



OPENING WIDE THE THROTTLE AND STEERING DIRECTLY AT THE PIER - PAT DIVES ---



THE NOISE OF GUNFIRE BRINGS OUT THE HARBOR POLICE ---



QUICK! THAT FREIGHTER OUT THERE - WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT - IT'S

CARRYING AIRPLANE MOTORS TO THE AXIS POWERS!

OKAY, MISS - WE'LL RADIO THE COAST GUARD CUTTER -



THE FRIGHTER IS SOON OVERTAKEN BY THE COAST GUARD CUTTER

HEAVE TO -
YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!

LATER - IN THE STATION OF THE HARBOR POLICE . . .

EVIDENTLY OUR FOREMAN
IS ONE OF THEM AS HE HAS
CONTROL OF THE SHIPPING
AND PRODUCTION DEPTS.
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM -
AND I KNOW WHERE
HE IS!

THE FACTORY IS SOON
SURROUNDED BY THE CITY
POLICE - THE WATERFRONT
IS GUARDED BY THE
HARBOR PATROL -

BE QUIET NOW!
IF WE SNEAK IN
THIS DOOR WE
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO CATCH THEM -

ALL RIGHT! UP WITH
YOUR HANDS!
YOU'RE ALL
UNDER
ARREST!

WHERE'S
THE
FOREMAN?

THERE
HE
GOES!

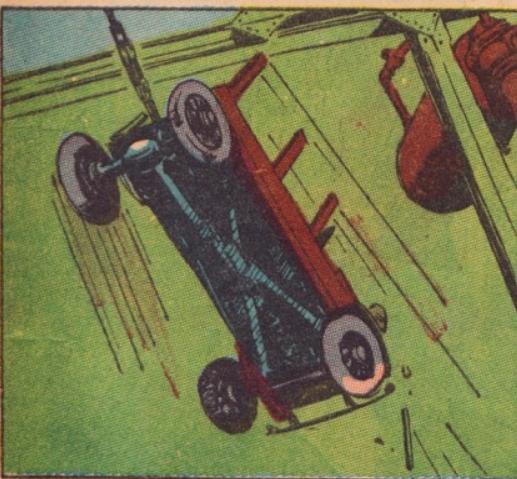
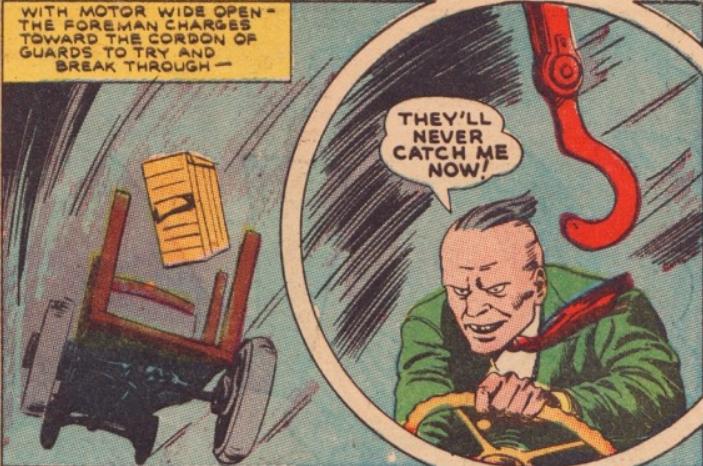
YOU WON'T
GET ME
COPPERS!



PAT SWIFTLY RUNS TO A TRAVELING CRANE -



WITH MOTOR WIDE OPEN - THE FOREMAN CHARGES TOWARD THE CORDON OF GUARDS TO TRY AND BREAK THROUGH -



YOUNG LADY - IT WAS ONLY THROUGH YOUR COURAGE THAT THESE MEN WERE DISCOVERED AND CAPTURED - YOU ARE THE SPIRIT OF TRUE AMERICANISM - CONGRATULATIONS



AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC MAKES HISTORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL COMICS!!!

"WORLD'S
WORST
VILLIAN"

The



CLAW

"HIGH LORD OF EVIL"

FROM EVERY CORNER OF
THE EARTH HAVE COME
WEIRD TALES OF A

MONSTER —
A TERRIFYING GIANT —
THAT TRAMPLES HUMAN
RIGHTS AND BRINGS VIOLENT
DEATH TO THOSE WHO DEFY
HIM — SOME SAY HIS **BLOOD**
RUNS BLACK —

OTHERS INSIST THAT TO EVEN
TOUCH HIM MEANS
INSTANT DEATH —

WHERE EVER HE GOES —
HE LEAVES A CRIMSON TRAIL
OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN
HIS WAKE —

THAT MONSTROSITY
OF EXISTENCE —

SAY TO BE
HALF MAN — HALF ANIMAL —
IS FEARED BY ALL WHO KNOW
OF HIM — AS

THE CLAW —

DWELLING IN THE WILDS OF
TIBET — THIS MOST RUTHLESS
AND CUNNING OF ALL CRIMINALS
IS EVEN NOW PLOTTING IN HIS
SINISTER MIND A SERIES OF
GIGANTIC — UNCANNY SCHEMES

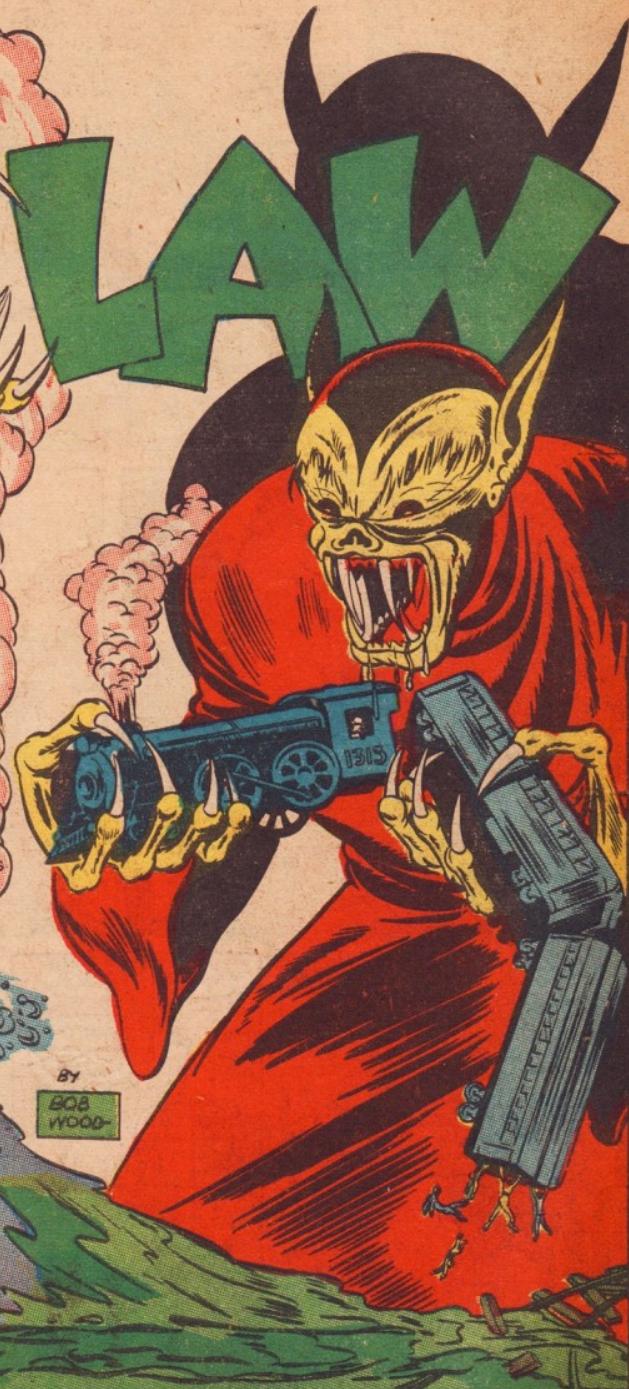


By

BOB
WOOD

WITH WHICH HE IS TO BURST
FORTH WITH THE POWER AND
INTENSITY OF A VOLCANIC
ERUPTION —

IN AN EFFORT TO
GAIN THE HEIGHT
OF HIS DESIRES —
HIS ONE
LIFE'S AMBITION —
THE CONQUEST OF
OUR NATION —



BUT FIRST -
OUR STORY
OPENS IN
NEW YORK CITY -
IN THE HEART OF
OUR
METROPOLIS -
PRETTY
JEAN ROGERS
IS LEAVING
HER OFFICE
AFTER A
HARD DAY'S WORK -

GOSH - BEA -
AM I GLAD
THIS DAY IS
OVER - I THOUGHT
HE'D NEVER FINISH
WITH THAT
DICTATION -

ME TOO - JEAN -
WELL THERE'S
MY BUS - GOTTA
RUN NOW -
SEE YOU
TOMORROW -

EXTRA!!
EXTRA / READ
ALL ABOUT IT!
HERE Y'ARE LADY -
EXTRA! EXTRA!

OH!!!
HOW HORRIBLE!
DICK - MY
BROTHER!
HE
WAS
ON
THAT
TRAIN!

3rd DAILY STAR =
TWO THOUSAND
SOLDIERS MISSING
ENTIRE TRAINLOAD
OF MEN ENROLLED
FOR ARMY
MANEUVERS
VANISHES!

PLEASE, MOTHER -
DON'T BE UPSET -
IT'S ONLY BEEN TWO
DAYS NOW - I DON'T
THINK DICK IS IN
ANY DANGER!!

I KNOW - JEAN -
BUT I JUST CAN'T
HELP WORRYING -
NOTHING LIKE THIS
HAS EVER
HAPPENED BEFORE!

THE WHOLE THING
SOUNDS PHONY TO
ME - MOM - BEING
AN ENGINEER MY-
SELF - I CAN'T SEE
HOW A TRAIN COULD
JUST DISAPPEAR
LIKE THAT -

IT IS NOW A
WEEK AND NO WORD
OF THE MISSING MEN -
LETTERS BY THE SCORE
ARE BEING RECEIVED DAILY
IN WASHINGTON FROM FRANTIC
PARENTS - PLEADING FOR THE
GOVERNMENT TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THE DRASTIC SITUATION

ANOTHER
WEEK PASSES -
THEN ANOTHER -
THE ENTIRE NATION
IS IN A STATE OF
FEVERISH TURMOIL
OVER THE
MYSTERIOUS
UNBELIEVABLE
INCIDENT -
MANY EVEN GO
SO FAR AS
TO ACCUSE THE
GOVERNMENT
ITSELF OF BEING
RESPONSIBLE -
G-MEN AND
GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS
ARE
COMPLETELY
BEWILDERED -
UNTIL -
- ONE DAY IN
THE CAPITAL -

MISTER
PRESIDENT!
THE CLAW!
THE CLAW!

THIS LETTER,
MISTER
PRESIDENT -
IT - IT HAS THE
CLAW'S MARK
UPON IT -
SH-SHALL I
OPEN IT?

FROM
THE
CLAW
MR. PRESIDENT
URGENT

YES -
OPEN
IT -

THE NOISE

"AS WOULD BE EXPECTED - THE CLAW'S ULTIMATUM IS SPURNED -- AND NOW -- OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO 'SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA' - WHERE WE FIND THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN IN A RAGE."

PERHAPS BY THIS TIME AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE 2000 SOLDIERS - WELL - THEY ARE MY PRISONERS - FOR THEIR SAFE RETURN - THE COUNTRY'S CONTROL OF GOLD - IF YOU DO NOT ANNOUNCE PUBLICLY VIA RADIO WITHIN 24 HOURS THAT MY WISH SHALL BE GRANTED - A HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS EVERY LAST ONE OF THE MEN -

THE CLAW!

MEN!
ALL HAIL THE
CLAW - THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY ONE
WOULD SEEK
AN AUDIENCE!

WITH THESE WORDS A THRONG OF ORIENTAL VOICES SHRIEK OUT WITH GLEE AS AN ARMY OF FRENZIED ASIATICS RUSHES FORWARD TO DO ITS MASTERS BIDDING - FOR HOW WELL THEY KNOW - THE TIME HAS COME - **THE CLAW IS READY TO STRIKE!**



SO!

AS I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED - THE STUPIDITY OF THOSE FOOL AMERICANS - NOT TO FEAR THE POWER AND CUNNING OF THE

CLAW!

THEY SHALL REGRET BEING SO STUBBORN AS TO SPURN MY DEMANDS!!!

FONG -

SUMMON MY MEN BEFORE ME!

INDEED
MASTER -
IT SHALL
BE DONE!



ONCE INSIDE THE CLAW'S CHAMBERS - SILENCE PREVAILS - FOR THE OCCASION IS A SOLEMN ONE TO ALL PRESENT --- **THE MASTER OF EVIL SPEAKS -**

THE CLAW'S SHREWDNESS HAS AGAIN PROVEN ITSELF - 2000 SOLDIERS KIDNAPPED IN THE MIDST OF A NATION - RIGHT UNDER THEIR VERY NOSES - AND THEY DON'T SUSPECT HOW -



BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW THEY WILL NOT CONCEDE TO MY DEMANDS - WE MUST FIGHT - YES, FIGHT!!! FOR THE NATION MUST DEARLY PAY THE PRICE FOR BEING SO NARROW MINDED!!! WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO WILL PROVE TO BE THE CLEVEREST AND GREATEST MILITARY FEAT IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!!

GO!
BRING THE SOLDIERS TO MY AUDITORIUM - I SHALL BE THERE SHORTLY!!!

IN A DAMP DARK DUNGEON FAR BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, A STRANGE SPECTACLE EXISTS - 2,000 ARMY MEN IMPRISONED WITHIN THEIR OWN COUNTRY, CHAINED, ONE TO ANOTHER, NOT KNOWING WHAT HORRIBLE FATE MIGHT AWAIT THEM -



LIKE SLAVES THEY ARE HERDED UP THE DREARY STAIRWAY - ENROUTE TO THE CLAWS AUDITORIUM!!

ONCE INSIDE THE VAST ARENA - THE CLAW APPEARS TO ADDRESS THEM - ARMY MEN THOUGH THEY BE, OVER A SCORE FAINTE AT THE VERY SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS MONSTER BEFORE THEIR EYES -

GREETINGS, PRISONERS - BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY MY PRISONERS - YOU SEE - I AM YOUR FRIEND!! AND YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS ME - SHE IS GROWING WEAK! - WEAK - YES - SHE NEEDS ME, THE CLAW, AS HER RULER!!!

AND TO ERASE ANY POSSIBLE DOUBTS YOU MAY HAVE IN YOUR MINDS AS TO MY SINCERITY - I WILL FIRST OF ALL PUT ON AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUR BENEFIT - AFTER THAT - THERE IS A GRAND SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU -

WHERE ARE THEY TAKIN' US?

SEARCH ME - I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT LINGO!!!

THE SOLDIERS ARE INTOXICATED WITH FEAR - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SUCH A POSITION - FOR THE CLAW IS REAL - REAL - AN UNBELIEVABLE CREATION OF EXISTANCE - AND SO, THE HORROR-STRIKED MEN AWAIT WHAT IS TO COME - SOME ARE DAZED, OTHERS SKEPTICAL - NEVERTHELESS, FRENZIED ANXIETY REIGNS THROUGHOUT...

IT - IT CAN'T BE - I MUST BE DREAMING!!!

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY ENTERTAINMENT??

PROBABLY SOME ONE OF HIS SCHEMES!

AND NOW - DEAR SPECTATORS WHEN THOSE CURTAINS PART - YOU WILL WITNESS THE MOST SPECTACULAR SCREEN FEATURE EVER FILMED - A FIVE STAR HIT - FEATURING YOUR FUTURE LEADER - THE CLAW - IN ACTION!!

AW NUTS!
I'M NOT GOING
TO LOOK AT
YOUR SILLY
MOVIE!!

SO! THERE IS
ONE WHO WOULD
CHOOSE NOT TO SEE
MY SHOW !! UNCHAIN
THE WRETCH!!

I'LL GET OUTA
HERE - SOMEHOW!

ONCE FREED FROM HIS
BONDS, THE SOLDIER MAKES
A FUTILE RUN FOR IT - BUT -

MAY THE REST OF YOU
PROFIT BY THE FATE OF
THE STUPID ONE ---
AND NOW - IF THERE
ARE NO OTHERS
WHO FEEL AS
HE DID -
ON WITH
THE SHOW!

LIGHTS DIM - THE CURTAINS PART - AND THE SHOW IS ON - THE CLAW WAS RIGHT - THIS PROBABLY IS THE GREATEST SCREEN FEATURE EVER FILMED - IN BLAZING TECHNICOLOR - THE SOLDIERS WITNESS FEATS OF THE CLAW WHICH THEY HAD HEARD ABOUT - BUT WHICH MANY HAD DOUBTED



AND ALL THIS ACCOMPANIED BY
VOCALIZED DESCRIPTIONS BY
THE CLAW HIMSELF COMING
OVER A HUGE MEGAPHONE -
FINALLY - THE HEIGHT OF THE SHOW -
CLAW BATTLING DAREDEVIL



GLOATINGLY THE CLAW
DESCRIBES HOW HE DISPOSED
OF DAREDEVIL - HE THOUGHT
HE REALLY DID - BUT WE KNOW
BETTER - SEE JULY ISSUE -
- SILVER STREAK COMICS

THEN SUDDENLY -
A FURIOUS PINWHEEL
EFFECT COMES UPON
THE SCREEN -



FASTER AND FASTER IT SPINS ---- IT SEEMS TO HAVE A MAGNETIC EFFECT UPON THE EYES OF THE SOLDIERS, WHAT CAN IT BE? THEY SEEM UNABLE TO REMOVE THEIR EYES FROM THE SCREEN-



AND SO THE CLAW'S "ENTERTAINMENT" PROVED TO BE A TRICK - A TRICK TO HYPNOTIZE THE SOLDIERS - BUT HAS HE BEEN SUCCESSFUL??



FLUSTERED AND DAZED THE SOLDIERS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE CLAW - THEY SEEM ONLY ABLE TO STARE INTO HIS EYES - PRESENTLY A GIGANTIC ARM REACHES INTO THE AIR - THE CLAW SPEAKS -

"HEIL CLAW"

IN UNISON - THE 2000 SOLDIERS RAISE THEIR RIGHT ARMS AND REPEAT THE WORDS



BUT LET'S LEAVE THE CLAW FOR AWHILE WITH HIS SINISTER SCHEME - AND ONCE AGAIN VISIT THE HOPKINS' HOME IN NEW YORK CITY - BILL HOPKINS - JEAN'S BROTHER - HAS JUST HIT UPON AN IDEA -



WHAT IS IT - SON - YOU ACT LIKE YOU'D JUST MADE A DISCOVERY!



- NOW A TRAINLOAD OF MEN COULDN'T DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR - JUST LIKE THAT - IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT THE CLAW COULD PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT WITHOUT LEAVING A SINGLE CLUE!



AND I GOT AN IDEA
HOW WE MAY FIND OUT
JUST HOW IT HAPPENED
AND POSSIBLY RE-
COVER THE KIDNAP-
PED MEN!

REALLY-
BILL?
-BUT
HOW?

GOODNESS SON-I'M SO
WORRIED
ABOUT OUR
DICK
AMONG
THE MISSING
MEN-IF ONLY
SOMETHING
COULD BE DONE
TO FIND THEM--

S'LONG FOLKS-
GOING ON A
LITTLE TRIP-
SEE YOU
LATER!

BUT-
BILL!

THAT'S FUNNY-MOTHER
-HIS RUSHING OFF LIKE
THAT WITHOUT TELLING
US WHAT HIS IDEA WAS
-I DO HOPE
HE
DOESN'T
DO
SOMETHING
DRASTIC-

TEN MINUTES LATER
FINDS BILL HOPKINS
ON A PLANE
HEADED FOR THE
NATION'S CAPITAL-



-BUT IT'S ABOUT
THE TRAINLOAD OF
MISSING MEN--
I'VE JUST GOT
TO SEE HIM-
I MUST!

I ADMIRE YOUR CLEVERNESS-
HOPKINS- IN THINKING OF
SOME WAY OF DISCOVERING
WHERE THE **CLAW** IS KEEPING
THOSE SOLDIERS CAPTIVES!
I BELIEVE IT'S WORTH A TRY
-WE'LL GIVE YOU OUR
FULLEST COOPERATION-

THANKS-
MISTER
PRESIDENT!



NEXT DAY--

3rd DAILY GLOBE
ANOTHER TRAINLOAD
OF ARMY MEN TO
TRAVEL OVER SAME
ROUTE AS MISSING
2000

-AND SO-THE DAY ARRIVES --
WITH THE EYES OF THE NATION
FOCUSED UPON THE LITTLE
TOWN OF NEWTON, PA.--A HUGE
LOCOMOTIVE ROARS FORTH --
DESTINED FOR A TRIP OVER
THE SAME ROUTE AS THAT
OF THE DOOMED TRAINLOAD
OF MEN --

AS THE DAY OF THE APPOINTED
TRIP APPROACHES -INTEREST
AND CURIOSITY OF THE ENTIRE
NATION GROWS TO INTENSITY AS
THE PRESS AND RADIO CONTINUAL-
LY BLARE FORTH WITH NEWS AND
COMMENTS OF THE EVENT --

I WONDER IF
THIS ONE WILL
VANISH TOO?

THEY'RE CRAZY TO
TAKE A CHANCE WITH
SO MANY LIVES!



BUT
IF ONLY
130,000,000
PEOPLE
OF THE NATION
KNEW—
THERE IS BUT
ONE
MAN ON THAT
TRAIN — JUST
ONE MAN—
THAT MAN IS
BILL HOPKINS

HOPE THIS DOES THE TRICK!
ONLY A FEW GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS AND MYSELF
KNOW IT'S A GAG —
OUT OF ALL THAT
PUBLICITY THE
CLAW **MUST**
HAVE GOTTEN
WORD OF IT!!!

NO. 162

NOTHING'S
HAPPENED YET—
MAYBE
I'M BARKING UP
THE WRONG
TREE—

IT IS NOT LONG — WHEN

WOW — MY HUNCH
WAS **RIGHT** — WE'VE TURNED
OFF THE TRACK HEADED FOR
THAT MOUNTAIN — BETTER
GET ON THIS RADIO
TRANSMITTER — FAST

YES — THAT'S **RIGHT** — 24
MILES ALONG THE ROUTE—
WAIT — THE SIDES OF THE
MOUNTAIN ARE SPREADING—
THEY'RE FORMING A TUNNEL—
MY TRAIN IS ENTERING
THE MOUNTAIN !!!

GOVERNMENT
OFFICIALS
ANXIOUSLY
RECEIVE
THE
NEWS

IT WORKED!

LISTEN!

I CAN SEE THE
CLAW — HE'S RIGHT
BEFORE ME — WHAT
A MONSTER!
GET MEN HERE
QUI —

HOPKINS WAS CUT OFF —
YOU KNOW THE LOCATION !!!
24 MILES FROM NEWTON —
SEND A REGIMENT OF
MEN THERE **AT ONCE!**

MEANWHILE
THINGS
ARE
HAPPENING
TO
BILL
HOPKINS —



SO THIS WOULD SEEM
A STUNT — AN EMPTY
TRAIN FOLLOWING
ALL THAT PUBLICITY —
BUT WHY WERE YOU
SO STUPID AS TO GIVE
YOUR LIFE FOR SUCH
A WORTHLESS CAUSE?

MY BROTHER DICK
IS AMONG YOUR
CAPTIVES — THAT
IS **ONE** REASON
I'M HERE —

SO — PERHAPS YOU'D
LIKE TO SEE YOUR
BROTHER-EH —
— DICK HOPKINS —
YOU SAY —
I'LL SEND FOR HIM —

DICK —
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

HEIL
CLAW!

WHY DICK — DON'T
YOU RECOGNIZE
ME? THAT LOOK
IN YOUR EYE —
— I'VE GOT IT —
YOU'RE
HYPNOTIZED!

AT THE **CLAW'S** COMMAND — DICK
HOPKINS LUNGES AT HIS BROTHER —
WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES — BUT —

SORRY — DICK — HATE
TO DO THIS — BUT IT'S
ALL FOR THE BEST!



BILL SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A 'BREAK' — AS HE DOES SO— AN UGLY SHADOW CASTS ITSELF ON THE WALL ABOVE HIM — —

DOUBT IF THIS ROCK WILL STOP HIM — NO HARM IN TRYING

BLAST YOU!

- IF I CAN ONLY STALL HIM OFF UNTIL THEY GET HERE —



SWING!
YOU SHALL DIE
A DEATH OF A
THOUSAND TORTURES

PEPPERING THE CLAW WITH
A FLURRY OF BULLETS —
BILL IS ABLE TO HOLD THE
MONSTER OFF —

YOU LOVE TO
DISH IT OUT —
BUT CAN'T
TAKE IT — EH?

BETTER THINK
FAST — OR ELSE —
I'VE GOT IT —
THAT "MACHINE PISTOL"
THE GOVERNMENT
GAVE ME

AAAGH



— UNTIL —

OH!
OH!

BUT AS THE CLAW STARTS FOR HIS
PREY — A SUDDEN EXPLOSION INTERRUPTS —

BOOM!
DYNAMITE!
SOMEONE'S
BLASTING
THROUGH!

WHAT A
BREAK —
JUST IN
THE NICK
OF TIME

MEN!
MOBILIZE — FAST —
WE MUST
FIGHT!

THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE
CLAW'S HYPNOTIZED CAPTIVES
PLUS HIS OWN MEN — RUSH FORWARD,
READY FOR BATTLE — —

WHILE OUTSIDE A DETACHMENT
OF ARMY MEN IS ABOUT TO
BURST IN UPON THE MASTER
OF EVIL — —

HA HA HA — HISTORY
IS ABOUT TO BE
WRITTEN — AN ARMY
FIGHTING AGAINST
ITS OWN MEN!!!
THE CLAW
CANNOT FAIL!!!

THIS IS AWFUL —
WE DON'T STAND
A CHANCE — IF
ONLY THERE WAS
SOME WAY TO
BREAK THE
CLAW'S
HYPNOTIC
SPELL !!!



DON'T
MISS
IT!!!

THE
MOST
SENSATIONAL
STORY EVER TOLD!

IS A HORRIBLE FATE
DESTINED FOR OUR
NATION AT THE HANDS
OF THE CLAW ???

NEXT MONTH —
"THE BATTLE
OF THE
CENTURIES!"



BEST of them ALL!

SILVER STREAK COMICS

METEOR

CITY YOUNGSTER
TURNED
STREAK!

The Great
**SILVER
STREAK**

THE MOST
BREATH-TAKING
FEATURES IN

COMIC BOOK HISTORY
NOW APPEAR TOGETHER
IN ONE GREAT BOOK!

DON'T MISS
SILVER STREAK COMICS
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

The One and Only
CAPT. BATTLE
AND HIS SKY-SOARING PROTEGE
HALF BATTLE!

NOW AND EVERY MONTH

The
DAREDEVIL
SWORN FOE
OF CRIME

3 POWERFULL FEATURES!

love golden age comics
love the public domain
love to share

a jeff cannell edit

relatives of the artists
or interested publishers:
i have unedited 300dpi scans
of this book that are available
if you are doing a reprint

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